

VARSITY TEAM PLAYS ESKS SATURDAY

Dr. Wallace Welcomes Students

I welcome the invitation extended to me by the editor of The Gateway to write a word of encouragement to the students

of the University at the beginning of a new academic year. I have been much impressed by the courage which young men and women have shown and are showing at a time when the world offers few opportunities. The sacrifices which are today being made for the sake of an education are in not a few instances comparable to those which a bygone generation has worked into enduring literature. An education won through hard stunting has its value enhanced through the very act of giving up. That gift the hand of fortune, by withholding much cannot withhold.

You are here as students. Whatever be your activities, the cultivation of the mind is your supreme task. It will be your responsibility, shared with the editorial staff of this paper, to see to it that The Gateway reflects that main university purpose, in the literary quality of its contributions in prose and verse, and in the elevation of its tone even in its lighter moments. The quality of your offerings will determine the quality of your paper.

You are here as students of the University. Your desire is for the highest welfare of your own institution. You can express that desire by discussions in your paper, when discussions must come, with the single aim in mind that no point of view which does not make for the better interests of this University and of other universities is worth while or even tolerable. It is a good test: it is no less good because it may need courage to apply.

It will be your opportunity to lighten the load which the editor and her staff must carry. Theirs is a heavy and often a thankless task. It can be made easier by unsolicited help: it can be made more satisfying by fair commendation and fair criticism. They undertake your responsibilities on your behalf.

I write of the Gateway because I write in the Gateway. But the theme is general, and of wide applicability. It is simply that we must play the game.

I wish you all a year of high endeavor and of deep satisfaction.

—ROBT. C. WALLACE.
President.



THE VARSITY

(Middle)	(Centre)	(Middle)
Walter Maybank	Neil Stewart	Len Parks
(End)	(Inside)	(End)
Clarence Cook	Brockie	Laurie Wynne
	(Quarter)	
	Herman Hayes	
(Left half)	(Right half)	(Flying wing)
Eric Austin	Bill Ives	Pete Gordon
	(Centre half)	
	Al Hall	

Subs—Kramer, Jackson, Edwards, Putnam, Cooper, Chown, McDonald, Mitchell, Jestley, McNeill, Teviotdale, Manning, Boyd.

Vice-President's Welcome From the Students Union

On behalf of the Students' Union, I take the greatest pleasure in extending a welcome to all students attending the University of Alberta this fall. For the last week or more, greetings have been exchanged incessantly in the corridors; now it is a privilege to repeat them publicly, through the medium of The Gateway. Those students whom we have known here in former times, we are happy to see again, and look forward with keen anticipation to the renewal and strengthening of the old friendly relations which used to prevail.



While the summer has done unwelcome things, in obliterating and withholding old faces and old memories, it has at least brought us a wealth of new material, with its manifold possibilities. These new members in our ranks may be found worthy or may find us worthy of our friendship and may help to fill the gaps formerly occupied by others. At the same time, they are doubtless bringing with them much talent, perhaps hitherto unsuspected, which will help them fill the gaps in our organizations. For while the university is fundamentally an academic institution, equipped with the best apparatus, offering the best ideas and instruction that specialization can produce, it is broader than that. Other fields are under the care of the Students' Union—athletics, embracing practically every branch of sport; journalism, involving The Gateway and the Year Book; debating carried on under an organized society; dramatics, also organized to lead to a higher level; and finally, the Glee club and the orchestra, which in past years have achieved a large measure of popularity through their very creditable performance. Here, then, is ample room for every student to exercise and improve his ability in any activity that particularly interests him.

Alberta in the past has had many famous graduates, and it is safe to say she will have many more. In looking ahead to our futures, in keeping our eyes upon the high standards set for us, let us not forget that while our traditions are already laid down for us, it is we ourselves who modify and remodel them. A wise and judicious allotment of our time and energy, and helpful associations, should go far in obtaining the best results.

I hope the new students may very soon find their own particular spheres and that the old ones may continue tranquilly in theirs. And to all students, I extend the wish that their stay here may be happy and successful.

—FRANCES M. FISHER.

WAUNEITA EXEC. CHOSEN ON THURS.

Beth Carscallen is President—Promises to be Good Year For Wauneitas

The Wauneita Society held its initial meeting of the year on Thursday, October 6th. This was not, however, their first sign of action, for that part of the executive elected last spring, the president and secretary-treasurer, organized, prepared for and put on very successfully the Wauneita Initiation ceremony last Tuesday night.

A very small crowd turned out for this most important of meetings, but a quorum being present the business, namely, that of the election of officers, was transacted. Those taking positions on this year's executive are:

Vice-President: Kay Swallow.
Senior Rep.: Jean Morrison.
Junior Rep.: Jean Irving.
Sophomore Rep.: Margaret Rinman.
Freshette Rep.: Mary McBeth.

Last year in the spring Students' Union elections, Beth Carscallen was unanimously chosen President of the Wauneitas. Margaret Thomson won over her opponent by a good majority to gain the office of secretary-treasurer.

A very important and fortunate choice of Honorary President was made when the meeting went on record as unanimously electing Mrs. Weir. The office has not as yet been accepted by Mrs. Weir, but it is sincerely hoped by all the Wauneitas that she will find it possible to take this position.

The meeting broke up at about six o'clock. Now that the executive is chosen, preparations will probably be under way soon for the Wauneita reception to men students.

BEST WISHES NEWLY WEDS

Varsity Couples Defy Depression Interesting Wedding Celebrated This Summer

Old man Depression has been blamed for a lot but he couldn't throw a scare into all of us. It is reassuring to notice the number of Varsity students and graduates who have entered into the blissful (?) state.

The Gateway extends its heartiest congratulations to Wally Sprague, and felicitations to Margaret Rock on their marriage this summer in Calgary—some congratulations due to Dick Burns who performed the difficult duties of best man in a manner worthy of a much more confirmed bachelor.

We may seem a little premature in extending our best wishes to Jean McGill because she isn't going to be married till January—but the gossip tells us that the lucky man is Art Adams.

The Gateway sends its best to Mary Smith; Mr. Herbert C. Healey of St. Paul is the man to be congratulated. We don't know Mr. Healey, but we like him, he must have been fine to win so fine a bride. It was an interesting wedding celebrated at Taber, Alberta, with Helen Mahaffy and Maxine McClay as two of the bridesmaids.

Two weddings of equal interest but of which we could find less about were Duncan Hargrave and Helen Campbell; and Howard Smith and Margaret Craig. Congratulations to you all.

We've been congratulating all through this column, but we save our heartiest for Hugh L. Wilson. He appeared last year as a principle in a wedding but this year he is a father. Give her our best wishes Hugh.

Benefits of Initiation Accrue in Friendships

Many Acquaintances Made—A Knowledge of the University Customs Assimilated Early

Some 225 Freshmen were initiated into the form, usages and institutions of the University during the last week. They have learned much that all Freshmen must know; much that seems useless and mysterious now, but time will prove its value. Those of us who have experienced initiation nod our head sagely; we are glad to have been initiated, we are members of the University in spirit and in flesh. Its problems are our problems, and its triumphs are our triumphs. I believe I can speak for the entire Class '36 when I pledge our support to the activities of the University we have joined. Realizing that its academic reputation must be upheld before all things, we are trying to adjust ourselves as quickly as possible. The many and attractive opportunities presented in extra-curricular activities—athletics, drama, Gateway, all attract some part of our nature. Added to this dilemma, many of us are reviewing in detail, for the first time, the obstacles that will beset us in our courses—Medicine, Engineering, Law—and it seems as if we have bitten off more than we can chew.

But what has all this to do with initiation? Just this: we have found a friend. A stern and demanding friend he seemed at first, but in reality he was interested at heart. The Sophomores, and particularly the Sophomore Initiation Committee, know us all. Their welcome was no less hearty than it was rough, and now we have someone we can come

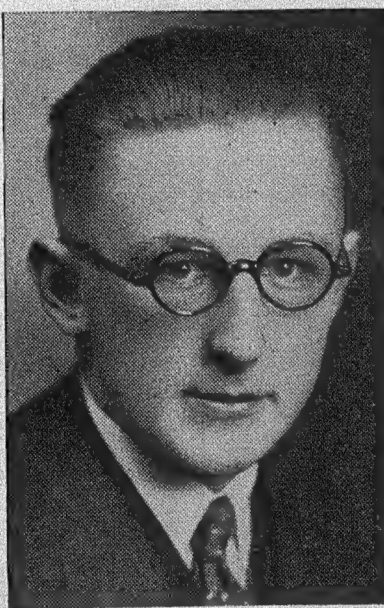
to, someone who has recently undergone the same state of utter bewilderment as it so characteristic of Freshmen. Someone who has become interested in one or more of the University activities and who is in some measure qualified to guide our selection. It is amazing how well they have understood us, classified us, and are prepared to offer real advice.

Without having been thrown together as we were in initiation, our acquaintances would probably be still limited to the few friends who come from our home town. How much more exaggerated would have been our bewilderment if we had not been so wholeheartedly and so completely absorbed into the student body of the University.

In this little city within a city we have won our rights of citizenship by rigid tests. It is obvious that in such an institution set rules and customs must guide the actions of its individual members if it is to run at all smoothly. How much more quickly we assimilate a knowledge of these rules and customs when a portion of the student body makes it their personal duty to acquaint us with them. Many of us would have been guilty of offenses which would have embarrassed us far worse than the mass embarrassment of initiation; even worse, endangered our standing in the community.

Much, too much, has been said about the hazing part of the initiation. Many have objections to it, and they may be just; but the benefits that accrue from the associations

ONE OF 1932 CO-EDITORS



WILBUR BOWKER

1932 Law graduate, who, as one of the co-editors of last year, gave a very efficient demonstration of how it should be done.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

All members of the Faculty who desire to subscribe to The Gateway for the coming year may do so by giving their subscriptions to Harry Lister.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

far outweigh the indignities we were forced to undergo.

Sophomores, you have done us a real service. Our appreciation will increase with time—accept our heartiest thanks.

LARGE MEMBERSHIP FOR PHARM. CLUB

Executive Elected—Fall Banquet Planned—Club to Present Lecture Features

Twenty-six new and old members assembled for the first meeting of the Pharmacy Club in the 1932-33 session, which was held in the Pharmacy lab. on Wednesday, Oct. 5. The president of the club, J. M. Davey, presided at this meeting, which was called chiefly for the election of new officers.

The following were elected: Vice-President, Miss D. Hanna; first year rep., Mr. J. Agnew; athletic rep., Mr. R. Winters; press rep., Mr. C. Lees.

A committee of three, consisting of Miss D. Hanna, C. Lees, and H. McKay, were elected to arrange the annual fall banquet of the club while bearing the motto "the best for less" in mind. This fall banquet is held in November with the purpose of introducing the new students to Colonel Dunn and Mr. Mathews.

The club also decided to have J. T. Clarke, the secretary-treasurer, approach Mr. Fyfe and invite him to attend one of the club meetings and give a short talk on his duties as an Inspector for the Alberta Pharmaceutical Association.

At the next meeting to be held on Monday, Oct. 17, the club wants many new members, especially from those taking B.Sc. in Pharmacy.

SPORTS REPORTERS

All sports reporters are asked to meet in The Gateway office Tuesday afternoon at 4:30.

SPORTS EDITOR.

FIRST HOUSE HOP THIS SATURDAY EVE.

Popular Dances Have Become Tradition of University—Good Times Are Here Again

The social season at the University of Alberta will be away to an early start this Saturday night at 8 p.m. in the upper gym. The Varsity Orchestra, with practically the same personnel as last year, have been working day and night arranging a program of all the latest hits of the hour, and will tantalize the feet of the devotees of Terpsichore.

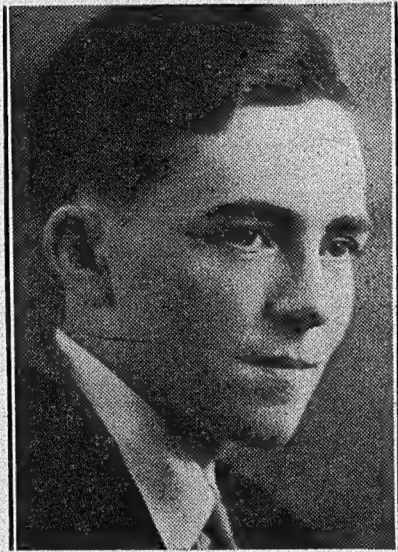
Throughout the ages the Saturday Night Hop has become the popular event of the week, and is looked forward to from the time that the strains of the Home Waltz are dying away until the following Saturday, when everyone once again assembles in the upper gym to spend another glorious night of dancing and merriment.

In tune with the present economic situation, the price of this most enjoyable affair is placed within the reach of all, and everyone is invited to come, particularly the new students who have yet to experience the thrill of a Saturday Night Hop. The small price of 25 cents per person is all that is required to take advantage of the fun that awaits you. So come along—Saturday at 8 p.m. In the upper gym. Your pleasure is guaranteed.

NOTICE TO STUDENTS

All students are requested to take only one copy of The Gateway. The \$2.00 subscription fee paid in the Students' Union fees is only sufficient to cover the cost of one paper a week per student. Any person wishing to have The Gateway sent to them, will please send in their name and address and a \$2.00 subscription fee to Arthur Stinson, the Circulation Manager.

ONE OF 1932 CO-EDITORS



LARRY ALEXANDER

Who has had at least four years' experience on The Gateway.

ARTS CLUB IS NOW ON ROCKS

Edwards, When Interviewed, Says It is a "Good Thing"

A Gateway reporter, feeling that something was missing from the fall life around the University, came to the conclusion that it was the good old Arts Hike. He was at a loss as to why this traditional function should not take place. He finally cornered "Ski" Edwards, last year's president of the Arts Club, as he was dashing madly from one lecture to another, and plied him with questions.

"The reason that there is to be no Arts Hike," stated Mr. Edwards, "is that there is no Arts Club. Last year the executive neglected to appoint their successors for this year, and, as they are now out of office, they are powerless to do anything about it. It is a strange situation, but what can one do about it?"

PEP RALLY — FRIDAY NIGHT — UPPER GYM



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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GREETINGS FROM THE GATEWAY

The Gateway welcomes students and faculty members. After the long vacation it is a very great pleasure to meet our friends of the University and once again enter student life. To the new class also, the Frosh, we extend our hearty greetings and our hope that they will soon be firmly established and have made their place in the interesting and active University life.

The student's place and his concurrent contribution to the activities of the University are not necessarily confined to that most important aspect of student endeavors—the academic field. When the requirements of this part of the student's interest are fulfilled to the complete satisfaction of the student and this satisfaction differs with each individual, then a broadening and beneficial influence may be felt by entering one or more of the many extra-curricular activities sponsored by the Students' Union. The Gateway, as one of the most significant of these, offers the only training and experience in journalism on the Alberta campus.

As the undergraduate newspaper, The Gateway purposes to keep the students informed on all subjects of interest to them within or in connection with the University. These subjects will include: discussions of business arising in council meetings, reports of the meetings of the various clubs and organizations, sports and general news of events of any importance to the University, interspersed and lightened by an occasional humorous article or column. The sports page will offer a great deal of space for the publicity of inter-faculty competitions as well as for the games played by the senior teams. The "feature" section is that part of the paper intended for the use of the student body at large. It is there that they may have printed those of their literary efforts, such as poetry, articles or fiction, which are considered acceptable.

From all of these departments The Gateway again extends a sincere and hearty welcome to everyone at the University of Alberta, to staff members and students, to those who were here last year and to those who have just recently affiliated themselves with the University.

THE ATHLETIC TICKET

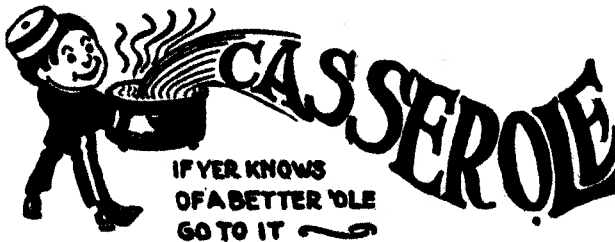
There is no Athletic Ticket. The utter absence of a five dollar athletic charge from the Students' Union fees came as a great surprise to many of the students registering Wednesday and Thursday. In the spring at the final council meeting it was decided that there would be a five dollar athletic ticket sold at registration, the money to be refunded at a later date to those not wishing to make use of their ticket. At that time the one objection to the athletic fee as it was collected in the fall of 1931 was that of the losses incurred through it at the senior hockey games. The students had contracted to share the gate receipts on a fifty-fifty basis with their opponents and this necessitated them "making good" all the athletic tickets used and paying half of that to the rival team. The result of this arrangement was that the Students' Union lost money on almost every hockey game. In spite of such a major objection the motion bringing in the athletic ticket system was passed.

During the summer months, however, circumstances arose which entirely changed the situation. Alberta withdrew, for the 1932 fall season, from the inter-collegiate rugby schedule and entered the provincial league. In this league the same terms had to be agreed upon concerning the division of gate receipts as in hockey last winter. If the athletic tickets were sold this fall using the same method as that of a year ago the Students' Union would lose money at every rugby game, and it is these that usually bring in the most revenue. There were two alternatives and the choice had to be made before registration started: sell the athletic tickets as before for five dollars and refuse to allow the students to use them for either hockey or rugby; or abolish athletic tickets, for this one term at least. The natural result of the first would be the quite righteous refusal of the students to keep the tickets and the Union would incur the expense of printing and handling them with a resultant loss. The second and more reasonable alternative was taken by an impromptu committee consisting of Mr. Neil Stewart, president of men's athletics; and Mr. Hugh Arnold, the secretary of the council. Their action was immediately ratified at the first council meeting held Wednesday, September 28.

From the standpoint of the treasurer and the other council members the abolition of the ticket is most desirable in that the budgeting of the Students' Union finances this year will involve a great deal of hazarding on the probable state of the weather and the amount of school spirit prevalent among the students. However, this step, under the circumstances, had to be taken and the uncertainty of the income from athletics is deplorable but quite unavoidable.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

The Students' Union Council questionnaire was a new feature of the registration system this year. At the last general Students' Union meeting in the spring there was considerable discussion of the advisability of budgeting the Students' Union funds according to student interest in various extra-curricula activities. This interest was to be determined by means of a questionnaire which would ask the individual concerned to allot his union fees as he felt they should



Bald-Headed Student—Give me a haircut, please.
Varsity Barber—You don't need a haircut—what you want is a shine.

"I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said the convert, "so long as it's honorable."

Motto for Married Men

Be sure you're quite right and then keep quiet about it.

The ferryman was asked by a timid lady whether any persons were ever lost on that river. "Oh, no," he said, "we always find 'em again, next day."

On one very rare occasion, an enthusiastic golfer arrived home for dinner. During the meal his wife said, "Willie tells me he caddied for you all afternoon."

"Well, do you know," said Willie's father, "I thought I'd seen that boy before."

"Mother, do liars go to Heaven?"

Why no, dear, certainly not."

"Well, it must mighty lonesome up there with only God and George Washington."

Mrs. Higgins had just paid the last instalment on the perambulator.

Shopkeeper: Thank you, Madam. How is the baby getting on now?

Mrs. Higgins: Oh, he's quite all right. He's getting married next week.

Steno No. 1.—The idea of you working steady, eight hours a day. I couldn't think of it.

Steno. No. 2.—I couldn't either: it was the boss who thought of that.

"Where's the car, Dad?" asked the absent-minded professor's son. "Did you leave it down town?"

"Well, now, that is quite remarkable," was the answer, "I remember now that after I got out I turned round to thank the gentleman who gave me the lift and wondered where he had gone."

"You haven't sent me a check in three weeks," wrote the stude. "What kind of fatherly kindness do you call that?"

"That's unremitting kindness," came the reply.

"Why are you driving up and down like this in front of the hospital?"

"For safety. I'm learning to drive."

—Why so gloomy?

—I can't get out of debt.

—That's nothing; I can't even get in.

The train came to a sudden stop, with great screeching of brakes. The conductor came through the car assuring everybody that some one had pulled the emergency cord and set the air-brakes and that they would be delayed for three hours.

"Good Lord," exclaimed a young man, "and I was to be married this morning."

The conductor swung around angrily.

"Say," he demanded, "are you the bird who pulled that cord?"

be proportioned. This plan was not followed but it gave rise to the suggestion of a different type of questionnaire the purpose of which was to enable the various club executives and staff members to come in contact with those interested in the activity in question. This suggestion was followed in an incomplete and rather unsatisfactory way and the resultant information can hardly be said to be typical of what such a questionnaire should yield. The inexperience of the students in filling out the paper is in a great part accountable for some of the disappointing results; many seemed to be of the opinion that they were pledging themselves to something concerning which they had no knowledge and so refused to give any information. In spite of these obvious weaknesses, the questionnaire has proved itself very useful and the Union, both council and students, with this year's experiences to guide it, will in all probability find the questionnaire a valuable aid in organization at the beginning of the university terms in future years.

NO INTER-COLLEGIATE RUGBY

There is no inter-collegiate rugby scheduled this fall. The very important and sufficient reason for the University of Alberta breaking its contract to play inter-Varsity rugby is financial. Last year for the rugby team, travelling expenses alone amounted to something over twenty-five hundred dollars and the purchase of new equipment raised the season's expenditure to nearly four thousand dollars. If the inter-Collegiate rugby schedule for 1932 had been adhered to, then an approximation of that sum as well as an eight hundred dollar guarantee to the University of British Columbia would be necessary; and this would inevitably result in a decidedly embarrassing condition of Students' Union finances. It is true that the revenue from the rugby games exceeds, by a considerable amount, the gate receipts from any other source of income to the Students' Union. By dropping inter-collegiate competition the gate receipts from rugby will not be jeopardized for there will be the customary three "home" games at which it is hoped there will be record student attendances.

These three "home" games are a part of the provincial league schedule in which the university is a very important factor. Travelling expenses, by the change of the provincial schedule, will be greatly reduced in that one trip to Calgary will suffice, instead of the two eastern trips made necessary by last year's schedule. The inclusion of the University of Alberta in the Provincial league is by no means permanent and is subject, after this year's contract has been fulfilled, to change, which will take place according to the circumstances then existing.

The Woman Hater

A Musical Revue Prepared for Broadcast
Purposes Only

Produced by Hugh Arnold, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
From the book by Hugh Arnold, William Shakespeare.

Music by Hugh Arnold, Irving Berlin.

Cast

Tom, the iceman Hugh Arnold
Dick, the milkman Hugh Arnold
Harry, the laundryman Hugh Arnold
Frank Merriwell, our hero Hugh Arnold
Goldilocks Hugh Arnold

Prologue

It is night. After a while it will be day. The snow is drifting slowly down in the stillness of the night. You wouldn't expect it to drift up. A forlorn figure walks through the gloom. He is hungry. He is tired. He has no money. He doesn't deserve any. He is the author.

ACT FIRST—(and think afterwards.)

(The scene is laid in the Varsity Tuck Shop—Hugh Arnold and S. McCoppen, proprietors. Pounding is heard at the door. Jim McIntosh rushes to the phone and answers it.)

Tosh—Hello.

Voice—Is Art Wilson there?

Tosh—Speaking.

Voice—Long distance from New York.

Tosh (hanging up)—It sure is.

(Enter Bill Wheatley from left.)

McIntosh (to orchestra leader)—Where did you come from, my good woman?

Leader—I come from Walla-Walla.

Tosh—I heard you the first time.

(Enter Art Beirwagen from right.)

Curtain

ROUND TWO

(Half the scene is still in the Tuck. The other half would be in the Tyrolean Alps if the stage hands had not put the scenery upside down.)

Strong wind and snow blows in from the left, until somebody closes the stage door.)

Shylock—Say, you big —!!, do you know Marg Moore?

Antonio—What's her name?

Shylock—Who?

(Enter Jack Ford from the rear.)

Chorus of Freshettes—"We are the Robbers of the Wood."

Atlas Lumber Co. representative—You keep out of our lumber yard then.

(Enter Harry Lister in single file.)

Curtain—50c

With fringe—25c

THIRD SPASM

(Curtain rises on bare stage, just as the last scenery is removed. The man in the wings raised the curtain too soon, but nothing can be done now. The show must go on!)

(Enter Ted Baker in double file.)

(Dead silence ensues. Silence is carried out in dust-pan, while Baker finishes the ensuing himself.)
Iceman—Can I interest you in this little book called "Night Life Among the Butterflies"?

Member in Audience—Pardon my interrupting but is your name Poppodoppalus?

Iceman—Why, no.

Member in Audience—Aren't you glad?

Iceman (in unison, as one—Aw shut up!

Curtain—also blind and shutters.

FOURTH ATTEMPT—Last Call for Breakfast

(The scene is in modern New York. Larry Alexander enters in horse-car, played by the varsity bus. One half of the audience goes out immediately. The other half is still looking for his hat.)

Little Eva—Don't you know who I am?

Shamrock Joines—Are you Appius Claudius?

Big Eva (formerly known as Little Eva)—No, I'm un'appy as 'ell.

(Enter Marg Moore in fireman's hat.)

Marg (cooly)—Fire!

(There is a crash and the prisoner drops dead.)

(Exit Freshman No. 252.)

(Curtain gets stuck and won't come down, but all the actors go home anyway, which should have been done long ago.)

Epilogue

Again it is night. The snow is still drifting down, and a soft blanket of white covers the world. A forlorn figure walks slowly through the gloom. He is old—tired—hungry. He is insane. He must be. He is the audience.

MORE REGISTERED
DESPITE HARD TIMES

Less Freshmen Registered but
More Seniors Come Back
—More Cosmopolitan
Than Ever

Despite the fact that was extremely difficult to secure any kind of profitable employment during the past summer and hence some are finding it necessary to cut down their expenses considerably, a net increase is expected in the registration for this session.

On last Thursday there were 1311 registered students, including duplicate registrations, which is an increase of eighty-one on the number registered on the corresponding day last year. The summer session also showed an increase, there being only 144 students in 1931 and 184 in 1932. As there are still two classes of nurses to register as well as many straggling undergraduates and graduates, there is no doubt that the number of students for the 1932-33 session will exceed the approximate 1,900 of last year.

Alberta appears to be more cosmopolitan than ever this year. The registration forms show that we have visitors from all parts of the dominion (especially our "chiselling" neighbors, Saskatchewan and British Columbia) as well as many from the United States. We also see a few from distant and foreign countries and other parts of the empire. It is sincerely hoped that with this added strength, both in numbers and good fellowship, we will be able to hold up our end as we have done in former years and hence maintain our prestige among the universities of the dominion.

THE CAMPUS TUCK SHOP

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

Our Treat to First Year Students

APPLE PIE A LA MODE AND COFFEE - 10 cents

Wednesday, Oct. 12, 4 p.m. to 11 p.m.

COME ON OVER

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

MORTON'S

Where Else Can Your Money Buy AS MUCH?

Look at it from any viewpoint—

Quality—desirability and out-of-the-ordinary lowered prices—and you will see we have broken all-time selling records in this establishment. The reason is in the price tags. We reiterate, where can your money buy as much?

An Immediate Selection is Advised

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING

(a) **Call to Order:**
The Students' Council met in Arts 235, April 11th, at 9:00 p.m., President Wilson in the chair.

(b) New Business:

1. **Motion:** That a committee of three be appointed to interview persons eligible for the position of editor of the Gateway for next year, and to report on same at next Council meeting. Carried.

Committee appointed: W. Watts, M. Moore, A. Wilson.

2. **Motion:** That a committee of three be appointed to interview possible candidates for position of Director of Yearbook for next year. Carried.

Committee appointed: J. Maxwell, H. Arnold, A. Wilson.

3. **Motion:** That the Students' Council make appointment of a man to supervise initiation for year 1932.

Amendment: That appointment of a supervisor of initiation be left to the Freshman class. Motion carried. H. Arnold appointed Supervisor of Initiation.

4. **Motion:** That all advertising mediums on the campus be under the sanction of the Students' Council. Carried.

5. **Motion:** That the sum heretofore paid to the office of Central Check be apportioned between two officers—one to assume responsibilities of equipment check; the other to assume responsibilities of gate receipts check, and that N. Stewart and J. McIntosh be appointed to make agreeable arrangements. Carried.

6. **Motion:** That a committee be appointed to bring in names of men eligible for the position of Schedule Man, at the next Council meeting. Carried.

Committee appointed: J. Maxwell, R. Wilson.

7. **Motion:** That J. Hunter be appointed manager of senior rugby for next year. Carried.

8. **Motion:** That S. Edwards be appointed manager of senior hockey for next year. Carried.

9. **Motion:** That the sum of five dollars (\$5) be forwarded to the soccer club. Carried.

10. **Motion:** That Mr. Hilliker be appointed publicity man for athletics. Carried.

11. **Motion:** That the Students' Council go on record as being in favor of the stand taken by the Athletic Executive with regards to

Manitoba accountancy students. Carried.

12. **Motion:** Vote of confidence in actions of the Athletic Executive. Carried.

13. **Motion:** That the Rugby club be advanced four hundred dollars (\$400). Carried.

14. **Motion:** That Dr. Ken Thompson be appointed coach of the Senior Rugby team for next year and that an honorarium of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) be given for his services. Carried.

15. **Motion:** That a committee be appointed to investigate the matter of Constitution revision and to bring in a report on same next fall. Carried.

16. **Motion:** That J. Maxwell be given a vote of confidence whereby he may arrange a system of debating activities which will embrace as many participants as possible and which will involve no more expenditure than heretofore. Carried.

(c) **Adjournment.**
The meeting adjourned at 12:30 p.m.

H. A. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

REAL SERVICE PERFORMED

In reviewing the excellence of 1931-32 issues, its editorial staff deserve some consideration. Its personnel is of interest to all. The 1931 season commenced under the leadership of Noel Hee whose association with The Gateway, at least in an official capacity, began "way back in '28"; as editor of the Casseroles. He was famous for his puns, really funny ones, and as the professor who suffered from asterick poetry. In 1929-30 he became news editor and performed his arduous job capably that the following year he found himself an associate editor and continued to produce his staccato verses from time to time. His reputation as a genuine and original humorist was supported by his sound "newspaper sense". In the fall of 1931 he was chosen to guide the destiny of the paper in the ensuing year but by Christmas the pressure of his studies forced him to resign.

At the unexpected resignation of the editor the staff had to look around for a new one. His successor being prevented from taking office by the authorities, it was found necessary to form a temporary board to produce the Christmas issue. Finally Wilbur Bowker and Larry Alexander formed a joint editorship. Such a step was not taken without some irepudiation but the editors cooperated without friction. Once again the paper passed through the trying disciplinary Question but even that could not disturb the unanimity of the partnership. No two men could have been found with a broader experience of Gateway work, both having previously served in several official capacities.

In 1929-30 and also in 1930-31, Bowker had served as managing editor, a position in which he had become conversant with every step in the production of the newspaper. His unquestioned activity and pleasant disposition made him an ideal man for the emergency. It was his final year in Law and he graduated in spite of his editorial duties. At present he is articling in an Edmonton law office. He was a "man of the moment" and the Gateway is grateful for his cooperation.

Probably no one who ever associated himself with this paper has of-

RADIO PROGRAMS PRESENT LECTURES

Enlightening Subjects Presented in Varied Program—To be Broadcast by CKUA

University students will be pleased to hear that the annual program of lectures given by CKUA will be broadcast from Red Deer by courtesy of the Alberta Pacific Grain Co., through their station CKLC, and through CFCN, "The Voice of the Prairie" station at Strathmore. University programs are thus carried to every section of the province.

A talk series of interest to study groups contains such lectures as the following:

Our Changing Civilization—Monday evenings, at 8:00 p.m. Speakers will include members of the Department of Philosophy, Dr. H. E. Smith, Brother Philip, Dr. M. E. Lazerte, Dr. R. K. Gordon, Professor, J. T. Jones, Mr. J. Fisher. In this period during the winter months the subject will be, "The Reaction from Materialism," when Dr. F. J. Lewis, Dr. George Hunter and Professor Stanley Smith will be the speakers.

Tales of the Old Timers—Wednesday evenings at 8:00 p.m. E. A. Corbett will conduct this series.

Romance of Animal Life—Wednesday evenings, at 8:20 p.m. These talks will be given by Dr. Rowan.

How to Speak French Correctly—Mondays and Fridays, 5:30 to 6:00 p.m. Professor Allard is conducting this course.

Art Today—Wednesday afternoons at 4:30 p.m.

In addition to this lecture series there are:

The Carnegie Endowment Program—Sunday, 5-5:45 p.m.

The Farmer's Forum—Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:15 p.m.

Homemakers' Hour—Monday, Friday at 5:30 p.m.

Handicraft Talks—Monday at 4:30 p.m.

Mrs. W. A. Kerr is arranging these talks.

Health Talks—Wednesday at 4:10. A group of Edmonton medical men will tell all about how to keep healthy.

Household Economics—Friday at 4:10, conducted by the members of the department.

Musical Program—Sunday, 4:00 to 5:00 p.m.

Lecture Recitals—Sunday, 5:00 to 5:45, beginning Nov. 6. These lec-

tures will be on the Development of Song.

Those who have heard L. H. Nichols' recitals on the War Memorial Organ will be delighted to hear that he will give three recitals before Christmas, on Nov. 20th, Dec. 4th and Dec. 18th, at 4:00 p.m.

One of the most appreciated musical programs is the Symphony Hour when recordings of world famous artists are played. This period is made possible by the kindness of friends of CKUA and of various dealers who loan the records for this program, namely, Heintzman and Company, Jones and Cross, the Lodge Piano House, and the National Music Store. This season the Symphony Hour will be broadcast from 7:00 to 8:00 p.m.

Our Junior College

The glorious gold of autumn coloring, the crisp crunch of brittle leaves underfoot, the clear air, and the hint of purple in the distant hills, prepare us to welcome the coming year. Into this ideal setting fit all types of students—from the sophisticated Senior to the most enthusiastic Freshman.

For the first time in the history of the University, however, there comes into the picture an entirely new group—students who are the first products of an institution which has long been the dream of the people in the southern part of the province, namely, the Junior College, at Calgary. In Mount Royal College, last year, were registered over 100 students, many of whom are now in attendance at the University. It might be of interest to those of us who are unfamiliar with the activities of the college, to learn, even though it be in a somewhat cursory glance, the most characteristic achievements of Alberta's new college. Courses were offered in first and second year Arts, amplified by special opportunities in Dramatics, Public Speaking, and Music. The Debating Society, the French Club, the Dramatic Society, and various athletic organizations were enthusiastically supported. The social activities were fittingly opened by an impressive inauguration ceremony. Dances, plays, and a final banquet were milestones in the year's events. Perhaps the most noteworthy of all the functions was Convocation, which demonstrated that Mount Royal, although as yet in its infancy, was nevertheless no unworthy protégé of the University.

We have mentioned the fact that students who have graduated from the college, and are now in attendance here, form a close bond between the two institutions. It seems to us, however, that the relationship might, with advantage, be made to assume a much more intimate character. The students of Mount Royal, for the most part, intend to enter U. of A. However, aside from casual comments, and chance bits of information, they have little knowledge of existing conditions and characteristic customs of Alberta. They are interested in and, furthermore, they welcome suggestions as to the management of student affairs. Their college is affiliated with our University. Could not interest be fostered on both sides by an interchange of ideas—a periodical correspondence from Mount Royal College, to The Gateway, for example, giving a resume of the more important events and activities, or the receiving of copies of The Gateway by the Junior College? An affiliated college is, after all,

PHONEY PHILANDERING

There is one person in or around this University whom I would like to have the exquisite pleasure of torturing with all the thoroughness of the medieval church—I refer to the individual who talks continuously with Pembina Hall from seven till half-past eight every night of the week.

How many romances his this miscreant marred? Take my own case, for instance. Having eaten my supper, and feeling that glow of good comradeship which comes from a full stomach, I ponder as to what little deed of kindness I can perform to brighten a drab world. Immediately I conceive the bright idea of 'phoning up one of the residents in Pembina Hall and giving her the opportunity of spending a few hours in my company, thereby giving her the chance to understand the magnanimity of the male and my own peculiar benevolence.

Having contemplated at length on my goodly resolution, I solemnly approach the telephone, and with all the dignity I can command dial the fatal numbers, much after the manner of an ancient Druid performing a sacrifice. But no silvery voice rewards my efforts, only an angry buzzing, which denotes that the line is in use—with admirable composure I resign myself to fate, wait a few minutes and then, perfectly convinced that anybody could have had time to have discussed the doing of a whole year, try again. Once more there is nothing but a guttural hum. With a certain unbecoming impatience I bang down the receiver, hoping in a forlorn manner that it will make

There is someone can tell me what there is to talk about for half-an-hour on end at that time of the night. Now, if it were the witching hour of midnight, then might there be some excuse. Even I in the heyday of my youth have indulged in amorous dalliance over the telephone—but at seven o'clock in the evening, never!

After an exhaustive inquiry, I find that the little ladies are only supposed to take three minutes at such busy times. Too bad mathematics are taboo in Pembina. Well, the only result is that I just shan't waste my time that way again. Tough luck, girls! I am really very sorry, but you brought it on yourselves.

—TEE WEE.

EVERGREEN AND GOLD

By Out-of-Doors

Perhaps there are a number of students who do not know how our University colors came to be chosen. It was in September, 1908, that Evergreen and Gold was decided upon.

Winding through a narrow valley, the blue waters of the Saskatchewan flowed leisurely by the University. Thick woods adorned the valley banks in many spots, while along gentler slopes leafy lanes found their way to the edge of the water. The fall frost had painted myriad leaves in many hues, heralding their fall to earth and the approaching winter.

Among the autumn's varied tints was the gold of the poplar leaves. These golden masses, bathed in sunlight and interspersed with clumps of stately spruces, stood out in rich splendour, creating the "Evergreen and Gold."

So this valley appeared years ago when Dr. W. H. Alexander beheld its beauty, and at Dr. Alexander's suggestion Alberta's colors became Evergreen and Gold.

KID BROTHERS

Haven't you got one?—well, you're missing something. I'm not saying just what it is, but you're missing it anyway, if you don't happen to be the oldest in a family with several boys.

From the time of your eighth birthday you are burdened down with many a little responsibility that father and mother consider beyond the ability of the younger boys, even long after they reach the age where you yourself were expected to take hold. Perhaps they believed you had annexed the major portion of the brains because you got there first. In fact, you begin to believe that yourself, when you become more conscious of the things you can do, that the others cannot—due to the fact that they didn't have to. But one shouldn't be deceived—brothers have an odd habit of sprouting out un-noticed, till you find yourself sadly in the shade. Ask the man who owns one!

For a long time you are a minor god in the eyes of the younger fry; every small achievement of yours is mooted about as unapproachable by other mere mortals. From the lofty heights of high school, you condescendingly acknowledge that young so-and-so back in grade five is your kin, and he basks in reflected glory. When you enter the mighty portals of the University and with it enter the giddy social whirl, you have reached the point where "kid brother" begins to doubt your deity. When he first gets wind of the fact you are paying attentions to some young lady, his doubt turns to disgust. For he has reached the peculiar stage where females are poison—he just cannot understand your attitude. But that is also the point where you begin to have humorous visions of the day when he will fall, too. Usually it comes on unawares.

Maybe you are having a few of your crowd over to the house. Halfway through the evening, "kid brother" is nowhere to be found. You think nothing of it—probably off with one of his pals. Well, cherish your delusions. A few nights later he vanishes for the whole evening, and no amount of canvassing around the "boys" can locate him. The family is mildly worried. Then you discover that your second-best socks are missing, that new two-dollar tie isn't on the rack, your razor looks as if it might have been used. The light begins to filter in. Now the dawn breaks! The young rip!

For a long time the identity of the young lady remains a deep dark secret. Then comes that night when you hear a peculiar whisper behind you in the movies. Cautiously you look over your shoulder and scan the row behind. Yes, there's the woman-hater, with a coy young thing you never saw before, both oblivious to the world.

Well, the mystery being solved, you settle back and contemplate that another has joined the ever-growing ranks of those who are helping make the world go round.

—W.A.

a younger member of our family. To the ideals which governed its foundation, we owe our own existence, on its rolls now, are the names of our future associates. By just so much as we strengthen the bond between the Junior College and the University of Alberta, by just so much as we increase the circle of our fellowship and the sphere of our influence.

ALBERTA STUDENTS WIN SCHOLARSHIPS

Toronto Girls Visiting Edmonton For Year

The National Federation of Canadian University Students announced Wednesday the allotting of their annual Exchange Scholarships, Alberta Varsity winning 3 of the 8 awards.

Mr. J. Fred Watkins left Alberta this fall to continue his third year Arts in the University of Toronto, while two other Varsity students—Mr. Graham Wanless and Mr. Leo Kunelius—are both taking their fourth year of Honor Chemistry at McGill. These three clever students will be returning next year, to complete their final year of studies.

Miss Isabell Alexander and Miss Ruth Pollock are the two Toronto girls exchanged this year with Alberta, for their third year Arts. They are at present staying in Pembina.

The N.F.C.U.S. annually appoints Exchange Scholars from the leading Canadian universities. These students must be in their final junior year, and are required to return to their home university to complete their studies. In this way they bring back valuable experience of Varsity life on other Canadian campuses. For the three or more years the scheme has been in operation it has met with the unqualified approval of all the university presidents and faculties.

Bulletins will be posted in a month or so, giving information relative to the tendering of applications for next year's transferees.

AGGIES! NOTICE

The first meeting of the Agriculture Club will be held in St. Joseph's College on Wednesday evening, Oct. 12th, at 8 o'clock.

Every Aggie is cordially invited to attend this rally and meet the members of the club.

Freshmen and new students are particularly invited.

Lunch will be served, and smokes and entertainment provided.

Let's make it a real get-together, and all turn out.

R. PUTNAM,

Pres., Ag. Club.

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INTER EMPIRE DEBATE PROGRAM

Ambitious Program Proposed for Coming Season, Opportunities Presented for Everyone to Participate

In the course of the fall term and up to January the Debating society intends to carry on a program designed to arouse interest and further the enthusiasm stimulated by last year's efficient executive. It aims to establish communication and co-operation with those students who like this phase of University life.

Hopes this year seem excellent, however, a forecast of victory might not seem politic. With a crop of experienced men and women to work with and what is hoped for from the incoming Freshman class, it can safely be said that this year holds bright possibilities.

The McGowan cup is at present in Saskatchewan, but by active participation in the opportunities presented by the forth coming year the aspirations of the last two years may be realized in the recovering of the prized trophy.

It is hoped that the Forum debates will be in progress in the course of the next ten days. These will be carried on as in former years, with a light lunch perhaps, to add to the enjoyment of the evening. The executive will shortly be under way and plans formed for the carrying on of this side of the debating program.

Two very excellent debaters from Alberta have been tentatively chosen to the meet the visiting Empire team on November 17—keep this date open—the Debating society promises you a most interesting evening for a moderate price. Remember November 17.

The projected Ladies' N.E.C.U.S. debate is still under consideration, depending largely on the active interest displayed by the ladies. Also in January, Alberta opposes Manitoba at Winnipeg and Winnipeg debates here, if present arrangements are carried out.

Besides these projects, another ambitious scheme is in a semi-completed condition, pending advice from University authorities. It should not only give Edmonton and Calgary the largest and most entertaining evening of debating yet provided, with six of Alberta's finest speakers. The results of it will give six new students a chance to participate in debates with other cities. From these they will graduate into inter-varsity fields and the choice of these for empire work.

Our system of choosing will be the

S. C. M. EXECUTIVE

The members of the executive of the Student Christian Movement, with Dr. E. H. Moss, honorary president, and Mrs. Moss, who acted as hostess, spent the past week-end at Camp Falliss on Lake Wabamun. Reports were received from the delegates who attended the recent meetings of the National Council of the Canadian C. C. M., and plans were made for the program of the local unit during the coming year.

The date set tentatively for the first general meeting is the evening of Wednesday, October 12th.

STRONG HEART

I stood at the hour of dawn on the Canollian beaches,
The rising sun was gilding the white sand reaches.
The deep based organ music of the thunderous white-capp'd waves
And the eerie screaming laughter as the mad sea-wind raves.
The tall dark pines were chanting as they sway and beckon and nod.
That weird, mysterious anthem that they sing to some forest god.
This is the strange wild music that nature played at the Birth
When she struck her mighty symphony on the sound board of the earth.

Out over the boundless Atlantic the sun was commencing to rise,
It set the white crested waves on fire and dazzled my startled eyes.
The Almighty's greatest masterpiece, the ever-returning days
Burst its changing splendour onto my wondering gaze.
And yet in the midst of this glory my mind was suddenly gripped
It seemed as if the curtain on a tragic drama had ripped
For I caught yet faint and far away, a wild and menacing sound.
The battle cry!—The blood-lust cry,—of the lean stag hound.

There is no mistaking the hungry snarl in the deep-voiced bay
When the wolf in a dog is running in full pursuit of its prey.
My heart went out to the gallant stag in this last race with death.
I could almost hear the pounding of his heavy-labored breath.
For he struggled to find a shelter from that fiend in animal form,
As a fisherman hastens to harbor in the teeth of a rising storm,
The drooling mouth of the dog was open, scenting the coming kill
For the stag was racing recklessly down a dock-strewn hill.

So proudly he'd tossed his antlers when he rose from his leafy lair,
He'd little thought of their danger as he raised them to sniff the air,
The foam on his lips told well the price that he paid for them now
How like the crown of a king they weighed on his bursting brow.
The distance between them narrowed with every straining bound,
The antlered monarch was game to

same as last year—the executive acting on indications of a popular vote. Everyone will have a fair chance, the executive asks your help and co-operation and pledges its best endeavors.

Freshmen and previous participants are earnestly requested to attend. Watch the bulletin boards for advance notices.

FRESHIE DANCE GRAND CLIMAX

Orchestra and Refreshments Contribute Largely to Success—Many New Friendships Date From Saturday Night

The first house dance of the year, given for the Freshmen and the Freshettes, turned out to be a great success. Many excellent numbers were rendered by the orchestra, ensuring a capacity crowd on the dance-floor at all times.

The two main functions of the dance, namely, to celebrate the termination of initiation week and to give the Freshmen and Freshettes an opportunity of becoming acquainted, were amply fulfilled. Especially were the Freshmen delighted at having certain members of the initiation committee assisting at supper time, while they themselves were not obliged to do so.

Refreshments were served at the ten-thirty intermission. They were consumed in large quantities and were apparently enjoyed by all.

SURGERY COURSES SUBJECT OF SURVEY

Head of the Department of Surgery Sits on Important Research Committee

A committee of the American College of Surgeons is now completing a survey of the teaching of surgery in Canadian and American medical schools. The teaching of surgery to undergraduates and graduates is being subjected to careful analysis and the report of the committee will serve as a guide to all medical schools in North America.

The members of the committee are: The professors of surgery of Harvard Medical school, Columbia University, Cincinnati Medical College, University of Alberta; dean of faculty of medicine Northwestern University Chicago, with the secretary of the Association of American Medical Colleges as chairman of the committee.

The committee which has been at work for some time will have its report ready for presentation at the meeting of the American College of Surgeons at their meeting in St. Louis, October 17th to 21st, 1932.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING

(a) Call to Order:
The Students' Council met in Arts 235, September 28th, at 4:30 p.m. President Wilson in the chair.

(b) Minutes:
(c) New Business:

1. Motion: That the action of Neil Stewart, in not having an Athletic Ticket be ratified. Carried.
2. Motion: That the action of Neil Stewart, president of athletics, with regard to the intercollegiate rugby schedule, be ratified. Carried.
3. Motion: That Mr. Went Nealy be appointed to the office of Central Gates Equipment Check. Carried.

(d) Adjournment:
Motion: That the meeting adjourn. Carried.

H. A. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

the last but the dog gained ground,
God's mercy!—intervene to save this stag his race
For there is little mercy in the blood hound's steady pace.

I looked below and saw them as they burst into view on the beach.
He ran as if he knew now some haven that he could reach.
With beating heart I watched and sought to find his goal
But I could see no shelter for this wild doomed soul.
I gasped for I saw him sink in the soft white sand—
He staggered—it was over—and yet some unseen hand
Had seemed to swoop and lift him out of the clutch of death.
And give him one last blessing, a precious fleeting breath.

For he leapt from his knees and bounded, straight into the rising sun
And the surging surf received him as if he were one of its own.
With all his rage and hunger couched in a single bay
The hound stopped short at the water's edge and watched his gallant prey,
For the stag swam low in the water with only his antlers high,
Silhouetted for a moment against the crimson sky.
And though the waves broke o'er him he knew that he was safe
For his feet had touched the bottom on an off-shore reef.

Before the change of tide had forced him to return
The fire of the useless chase in the dog had ceased to burn.
Beaten and tired he slunk away in defeat and came no more
And the wary stag swam slowly to the welcome shore.
He paused on the beach to shake the salt drops from his hair,
Then sought again his own sequestered woodland lair.
And God, if I'm ever beaten and feel the breath of despair
May I think of the stag in the sunrise,—and have the heart to dare.

NO COSMETICS FOR FRESHETTES

Sporting Attitude of Sophs Gains Admiration of Freshettes

"What is the lowest form of humanity," snarled the brutal Sophomores, and meekly and obediently we replied, "Freshettes!"
"The highest form?"
"Sophettes, of course!"

Ask a Freshette to salute today and note the elegant curtsy and shame-faced "Goo-goo." The Sophomore principle for the week was "See them at their worst and dumbest now," and much to our chagrin we lived up to their fondest hopes. No cosmetics seemed our biggest trial—that and the conspicuous braids with the delicate bows. The running shoes proved more of a trial than we at first realized and how hip-hiking all over the campus we tread gently on our flat feet and tender blisters.

No doubt everyone noticed a small patch bearing a faint resemblance to sandpaper in the middle of each Freshette face. That is what happens to a nose after guiding peanuts all over a stubby field.

Friday night marked the climax of one hectic week. Timid(?) Freshettes covered under the murderous and callous glares of their upper class-women. Sophomore word was law that evening and in a blindfolded and slightly dazed state we marched up and down every flight of stairs in the Arts building. We needed sustenance by the time we reached the top floor and were presented with it in the form of fat juicy caterpillars and cod liver oil. Rumor says that the caterpillars were really pieces of macaroni rolled in wads of fluffy cotton batting, but they were all too real for genuine enjoyment!

The bonfire at the Grid and the hot dogs and apples came as a pleasant surprise after the horrors we

previously suffered. Sophomores certainly gained our genuine admiration by the fair and sporting way in which they carried out the initiation.

We claim one consolation for that week. We derived a practical and all-round training in making beds, sewing and ironing and hanging curtains. There seems to be little doubt that the unsuspecting Freshettes next year will be even more efficiently trained!

SPLENDID WORK BY SOPHETTES

Sophette Committee Handles Initiation in Most Capable Manner

Much credit is due to Miss Kay Swallow, chairman of the Girls' Initiation committee, the committee and others for the splendid and sport-like way they initiated Freshettes on Friday evening. The executives met in the afternoon and their plans went into operation that night at 7:30.

One hundred girls divided into ten groups writhed and crawled their way throughout the Arts building in a fantastic measure known as a Snake Dance. Blindfolded and on hands and knees the victims suffered the agonies of strewn peanut shells and stone floors, as they "snaked" their way from one ordeal to another.

After a meal of sugar lumps a la flour, cod liver oil and tasty but unappreciated caterpillars (boiled macaroni wearing cotton batting coats) the crowd gathered at the Grid. There around a cheery bonfire all joined in a sing-song to the tune of hot dogs and apples.

The Freshettes entered into the spirit of the evening, taking their parts well. It is generally believed to be one of the most successful initiations in years.

FRESHIE TRIALS AMUSING TO ALL

Large Attendance Witness Justice Meted to Frosh—Court Applauds Prosecution

On the nights of September 28 and 30, the Sophomore initiation council saw fit to judge the sins of their lesser brethren—the Freshmen. The trials were held in the upper gymnasium of Athabasca Hall. The solemn sessions were presided over by "Chuck" Perkins in his august robes while Mark McClung of debating fame performed his duties as crown prosecutor in a most competent manner, Bill Anderson was clerk of court.

Freshmen were brought to justice on every conceivable account—for evasion of initiation, for spreading shoe polish on a Sophomore's socks while polishing his shoes, a resident Freshman for locking his doors and having questionable apparel on the premises. Freshies were also brought to trial for smoking, insubordination, twitting and "shuddering." The Freshie on trial for the last named offence defended himself so nobly that he was acquitted, a non-parallel feat in initiation circles.

Various punishments were meted out to the guilty Freshies, such as being tubbed, washing Sophomores' socks, having additional quantities of hair removed, etc. Sophs also supervised Freshies playing quiet parlor games in the dormitory halls of Athabasca.

Perhaps the most notable trials of the two evenings was that of three Sophomores, Bill Anderson, George Casper and Jack Murray by the Freshie class. Mark McClung, who had in the previous trials of the evening acted as crown prosecutor, lent his talents to the Freshie party and succeeded in convicting his former aides of a breach of the Soph-

more initiation committee. These Sophs were duly tubbed and their S. I. C. pins removed.

The trials were full of genuine wit and good humor and the large crowd gathered as well as the Sophomores and Freshmen and had two hilarious evenings.

—H. WARD.

WOMENS ATHLETIC MEETING MONDAY

Mary Cogswell, President, Called Meeting for Election of Team Managers

On Monday afternoon at five o'clock the general meeting of the Women's Athletic association was held in Room 139, Arts. Mary Cogswell, the president, was in the chair and Secretary Margaret Moore was present. Officers elected to serve during the forth-coming term are: manager of track, Ruth Freeman; manager of swimming, Kay Swallow; manager of tennis, Priscilla Hammond; manager of hockey, Gwen Manning; manager of basketball, Lilian Carscadden.

Jennie Filykowski was chosen Fresh representative.

A motion was carried to incorporate the offices of president of the house league and president of intermediate basketball in one and the same person. There was to be no distinction made between over-town girls and girls in residence. Helen Ford was chosen to fill the office.

The only other business transacted was a motion to hold the general meeting in the spring, henceforth, instead of in the fall, as formerly, as this would enable the Freshettes to become acquainted with prospective officers before voting.

Our Cynical Entertainers
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Smoke
Buckingham
— and Smile

YOUNG GRITS BEAT VARSITY CUBS 5-4

Rule and Robertson Play Brilliant Game for Juniors

Shaky Kicking and Faulty End Play Costs Minor Team First Game Colville Big Star for Overtowners

The Liberals took advantage of the breaks and occasional eccentricities on Varsity's part to win the initial game from Varsity Juniors by a score of 5 to 1.

A bitter north wind swept the field, and may have been responsible for Varsity treating the ball as if it were a live bomb just when a score seemed imminent.

Liberals kicked off against the wind. Varsity made yards, but were penalized. The penalty was followed by major fumble number one, and the Liberals completed a forward pass for 20 yards. This brought them to within five yards of Varsity's zero line. Instead of trying for a major score they elected to kick for a point on the first down.

After this the game oscillated around centre field, with play fairly evenly divided.

Varsity ends failed to get down under Morton's punts, and thus Varsity lost the benefit of the wind. Rule did some splendid line bucking, but Colville of the Liberals eluded tackle after tackle to run the ball back 30 yards to within 20 yards of

Varsity's goal line.

The second quarter began with the Liberals taking advantage of the wind to kick for point number two.

Pete Rule was leading the Varsity attack, but Varsity had to resort to an aerial attack, and with the wind against them play was confined to their end of the field.

Colville, aided by the wind, kicked for two more points, and Smitten kicked for the last of the Liberals' score.

Varsity came to life with a bang in the last half, and only the toughest luck prevented them from getting a rouge when Colville fumbled behind his own line.

Al Robertson was a tower of strength for Varsity. His line bucks and end runs gained yards time after time. Varsity got in a scoring position for the first time, and Morton kicked for the lone counter.

Only the toughest luck prevented Varsity from scoring in the last quarter. Rule went up the field like a steam-shovel, but an intercepted forward pass ended Varsity's hopes. The end of the game found them battling with their backs to the wall to prevent a touchdown.

Varsity lineup—Rule, Lewis, Morton, Wilson, Robertson, Miller, Pearson, Seminiuk, McDonald, McAllister, McDermid, McIntyre, Mayer, Bergman, West, Dalimore, Wolfe, Oaks, Carnett, Folinsbee.

Referee—Bill Broadfoot.
Judge of play—Arnold Wark.
Head linesman—Jimmy Enright.

INTERFAC TRACK MEET SATURDAY

Competition to be Keenest in Years

Everything is in readiness for the annual interfaculty track and field meet, scheduled for the Varsity track, Saturday morning, commencing at 9 o'clock. It is probable that the meet will be concluded just prior to the beginning of the rugby game between Varsity and Eskimos, which scheduled to start at 3 p.m.

"We expect a large entry for all events," commented Morgan French, President of Track, "and competition is going to be very keen to secure places on the track team to represent Varsity at the Western Intercollegiate Track Meet to be held at Saskatoon on the 15th of this month."

Heading the list of entries are Harold Riley and Jack Melling, Calgary sprint stars; John Convey, Don Gardiner, Simon Pasternack, Harold Mowat and Hugh Ormsby, former U.B.C. track stars, are a few of the sprinters who will make the Calgary fliers step, if they are to live up to expectations.

Entries for the half-mile will also prove numerous. Gardiner and Cruickshank have been training most faithfully. Morgan French, Stan Rands, A. Padwick, J. Bulshin, Otis Staples will battle for honors in the one and three mile wins.

Johnny Woznow, high jumping champ of last year, is entered again. He also intends to try the pole vault and the running broad. Harold Burton and George Tuttle, freshmen weight men, should give a good account of themselves.

Coach Ernie Williams has been out with the boys each evening for the past week.

ATHLETIC AWARDS

Will all students who have not as yet received their athletic awards for last year, call at The Gateway office and get them from Frank J. Edwards.

JUNIOR COACH



"DUD" MENZIES

One half of the sawdust twins of 1930, who is handling the junior squad this year and who has his eyes firmly fixed on the Alberta championship for his youngsters.

SOCCER TEAM MAY TRAVEL

Soccer Club Looks Forward to Another Successful Season

Last year's club-winners of the coveted Dragon's cup trophy taken in city first division competition have begun individual and group training.

Only two members of last year's championship team are missing, G. McConnel and P. Paige, and there are vacancies to be filled. Judging from the classy brand of ball being dished out by new material in front of Pembina these nights, competition for these vacancies is going to be keen. The berths are well worth working for.

Negotiations are under way with the Calgary association. Thanksgiving day may find the club in the southern city, travelling for the first time in several years. It is hoped that arrangements can be completed. Meanwhile, city competition is to be taken care of.

Interfaculty soccer will swing into being right away. Faculty representatives will be selected from applications to be considered at a general meeting of the Soccer Club on Tuesday, Oct. 11th, at 4:35 p.m., in Arts 135. Get your applications in, addressed to A. Donaldson, Assiniboia Hall, immediately. Now is the time to break into one of the corners of student activity in an executive capacity.

Players are advised to obtain equipment from J. Woznow, Central Check, Athabasca Hall.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT STARTS SATURDAY

A large field takes off on Saturday for the annual race for the tennis crown.

The competition will be keen this season, with Mert and Gordon Keel and Wes Watts entered in the men's events, and Dot Brown and the Hammond sisters, Gair, Lois and Priscilla, in the ladies'.

For obvious reasons the competitors in the tournament are asked to arrange their own matches.

SPORTING SLANTS

By Reg. Moir

Varsity Seniors make their bow to football fans this year on Saturday, when they take on the Eskimos at the Grid. Expert opinion has it that the Bears, and for the information of all concerned we are calling all the Senior teams Bears this year, have little chance with the overtown team.

Without trying to be over-optimistic, we feel that the Varsity is probably under-rated by the dopesters. On the ends Cook and Hutton have no superiors in Alberta football at least, and it is doubtful if the Esks will go on many long journeys around the ends.

Along the line the Bears will hardly measure up to the Eskimos, but this disadvantage will be offset in large measure by the known weakness of the city team in forward pass defence.

The Varsity half line will be stronger than it appeared to be the first of the season, with Herman Hayes calling the signals and Pete Gordon, Skiv Edwards, Al Hall and Mitchell, a new prospect this year, sharing the work. Red Cooper, a former star with interfac squads, and Eric Austin, former Senior player, will probably be out again, and Austin's kicking and passing will be a decided advantage to the Bears.

On the other hand, the Eskimos are no set-up. They have a strong, fighting, powerful, wingline. They have in Bud Williamson one of the best ends in the west, they are strong in the kicking department with Eric Dolighan, although Eric is rather light to last a full game in senior company, and they have a fast tricky backfield in Matheson, Horne, Jones, Duggan, Clayton Dolighan, and Hav McLennan.

The only serious weakness in the

defensive strength of the Esks is a tendency to tighten up and allow forward passes to be thrown almost at will against them.

It should be a great game.

We want to take this early opportunity of informing interfac and organizations and minor sports clubs that we are ready and willing to give all the notices in the world to them if they will only give us a break, and let us know when and where they are holding meetings.

This year's golf tournament is apparently going to be a humdinger, with Bobby Proctor, finalist in the provincial amateur, favored to win from a strong field that includes Mark McClung, Don MacKenzie, Alan MacDonald, Bill Hoar and a couple of others, all of whom are considered doughty opponents on any links in the province.

It has been definitely announced that Manitoba is out of intercollegiate competition this year. This means that the 'Tobans will be missing from the track meet at Saskatoon. However, Alberta and B.C. will be there, and the meet should be a good one.

Apart from the natural feeling of disappointment that the juniors did not win their first game, Varsity fans can be proud of the junior squad. The boys played well for their first time out, and can be trusted to give a far better account of themselves in their next game with the Liberals.

The team is stronger in the wingline than the Liberals, but poor punting and very weak end play allowed the Grits' fullback to run wild returning punts. These weaknesses should be all fixed up in time to take a fall out of the next bunch of juniors that the Cubs tackle.

Indians Defeat Esks For Second Victory

Eskimo Squad's 4-3 Lead Overcome in Closing Minutes — Teams Evenly Matched

Coming from behind in the last quarter the Calgary Altomahs just managed to snatch victory from Coach Jimmy Enright's Eskimos by the narrow margin of 5-4. It was a tough game for the Esks to lose, as it leaves only an outside chance for the Esks to tie up the race for the Alberta rugby crown. The score just about indicates the superiority of the Southerners.

At half-time the Esks were on the short end of a 3-0 score, but after a spirited come-back in the third quarter Eric Dolighan booted a beautiful 40-yard drop kick to square matters. Shortly before the quarter ended, Ivan Smith, star booter of the Esks, hoisted a punt out of the park to put the Esks in the lead for the first time during the game. The Esks seemed headed for victory, but the

fourth quarter proved the stumbling block. In the dying minutes of the game McKenzie punted the ball over the goal line for the tying point, and shortly after repeated to finish the scoring for the game, giving Calgary the 5-4 victory.

The teams were evenly match as the score indicates, but the Altomahs' offensive was probably more effective than the Esks', there being little to choose between the lines. The southerners used their scoring chances to advantage, whereas the Esks passed up chances to score via the kicking route on some occasions. Phil Horne narrowly missed scoring a touchdown, when he retrieved a fumbled ball, and seemed to be headed for points, but was called back for

(Continued on Page Six)

Varsity Seniors Play Calgary Altomahs Sat.

Dr. Ken Thompson New Coach This Year—Has Been Working Squad Hard

Dr. Ken Thompson's 1932 edition of the Varsity Senior rugby team will swing into action on this Saturday against the Calgary Altomahs, with a lineup built around nine of last year's squad, including five letter men. To these have been added several husky juniors and outstanding stars from interfaculty rugby.

The juniors were conscripted, almost forcibly, to bolster up a lineup from which several of last year's regulars had dropped out, thereby weakening in proportion what looked like a junior team of championship calibre. The sooner the powers that be, learn that only by means of the training received by juniors in junior football will outstanding players be developed, just that soon will a senior champ squad be turned out.

Coach Thompson has two full teams working out each night from which his squad of twenty will be picked.

Back in the lineup again this year will be found Al Hall, last year's captain and veteran of several years, rated by experts one of the finest offensive and defensive snaps in western rugby. He has been moved, however, entirely out of this position into the backfield. Along with him in the backfield will be found Pete Gordon, another last year's veteran, and several other men who are new at senior football. These include Skiv Edwards, Sammy Ives, and "Fuzzy" Freeze, all of whom have played interfac for several years. There will also be a chap by the name of Shannon, and Fraser Mitchell, a Frosh and a "rigger" from Brentwood College. This is his first year at the Canadian code, and he has elected to cast his lot with the seniors, though still eligible for junior.

At quarter will be Herman Hayes, Ed Chown or "Red" Cooper. Herman played with Wally Sterling's championship squad several years back, and his return should be a real help. Chown played junior last year, and Cooper was with an interfac squad. All three are shaping up well as signal-barkers and strategists.

Out at ends are Wilf Hutton and Clarence Cook, both experienced men of several years' duty. Hutton was last year a choice at end for the mythical All Star Western Intercollegiate squad. Both he and "Cooky" are going better than ever. With them are Chris Jackson and Art Cremer, last year's junior.

Lytle Jesty, an end on Dr. Burke's championship U.B.C. squad of 1930, has been moved out of his position to snap—unwisely we would think. Along with him at snap are Neil Stewart, a veteran, and Manning, a conscripted junior.

At inside, Coach Thompson has Paul Brockie, another junior, Gerald "Big" Purdy, a veteran Eskimo and Varsity player, McNeil and Teviotdale, and perhaps Jock Cameron, a last year's man.

At middles the team looks strong, with Fred Gale and Len Parks, two of last year's regulars, working along with Walter Maybank and Gordon Killick, a husky junior.

Looking the bunch over, we would think that the team may be one of surprises, packing a real punch when it's needed. Coach Thompson has worked out a medley of plays which, though simple, are deceptive, and the boys have been drilled in them to perfection.

In the Altomahs, three-year champions of Alberta, Varsity will be meeting a seasoned squad of footballers with two hard games under

SENIOR COACH



KEN THOMPSON

The other half of the famous sawdust twins of 1930 who is guiding the destinies of Alberta's Bears this year.

their belts. If anything, they are weaker than last year, but are well balanced in every department. Anything may happen with a Varsity squad such as we've got this year, and all they need is the encouragement of every student-fan in the Varsity. Get out to the "Pep" rally Friday night in the gym, and on Saturday come out and give your team real support—the support that makes Varsity teams win.

See you at the "Grid" Saturday.

SOCCER

A general meeting of the Soccer Club will be held in Arts 135, Tuesday, Oct. 11th, at 4:35 p.m. We invite your interest.

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INTERFACULTY TRACK MEET SATURDAY

Manitoba Forced to Drop Inter-Varsity Track Meet

Recent Financial Difficulties Make Trip to Saskatoon Impossible For Manitoba

Word has been received by Neil Stewart, President of the Men's Athletic Association, that Manitoba has been forced to drop out of the Western Canada Intercollegiate Track Meet that is to be held in Saskatoon a week from this Saturday. Manitoba states that financial difficulties are the cause of their withdrawal. Much as they regret it, they have been forced to curtail many of their student activities on account of the grave financial crisis that the University of Manitoba is now facing.

Earlier in the summer Manitoba was forced to drop out of the intercollegiate rugby league, but it was hoped that they would be able to finance a track team. Their forced withdrawal is a very serious blow to intercollegiate athletics, and it seems as though they will not be able to enter the intercollegiate sport field for a year or two. We sincerely hope that they will soon be in a position to send their teams away, as sport is one of the few bands that join our universities together.

The University of Saskatchewan, who won the Cairns Trophy last year from Alberta by the slim margin of one point, are out to repeat again this year. According to reports, the

majority of their last year's stars have returned, and are training intensively. Alberta's chances seem a little slimmer than they were last fall. We shall be handicapped by the absence of Wally Smith, our star hurdler, as he will not be back in town in time for the track meet. Coach Ernie Williams has assured us, however, that he has some new material that is showing up well.

RADIO BROADCAST FOR SATURDAY

The department of extension has arranged to broadcast this year's home games from the Stadium. The first of the broadcasts comes on Saturday when the Bears take on the Edmonton Eskimos. Mr. Brown of the department of extension is in charge of the broadcast and Bill King and Reg Moir are doing the actual announcing.

STUDENTS COUNCIL MEETING

(a) Call to Order: The Students' Council met in Arts 235, April 23rd at 5:00 p.m. President Wilson in the chair.

(b) Minutes: Motion: That the minutes of the last meeting be adopted as read. Carried.

(c) New Business: 1. Motion: That Dr. Wallace be appointed Honorary President of the Students' Union for the year 1932-33. Carried.

2. Nominations were called for the position of Executive Member: Nominated, M. Cogswell, A. McLean. Motion: That nominations cease. Carried.

Vote—M. Cogswell was elected to act on Executive committee.

3. Report by J. Maxwell on the result of the activities of the committee which interviewed candidates for the position of Year-Book director.

Motion: That A. Bierwagen be appointed director of the Evergreen and Gold for year 1932-33. Carried.

4. Report by J. Maxwell on the result of the activities of the committee which interviewed candidates for the position of schedule man.

Motion: That Don Fleming be appointed schedule man for the year 1932-33. Carried.

5. Motion: That motion 5 in the minutes of the previous meeting be rescinded. Carried.

6. Motion: That the standing resolution in the constitution, governing the office of the central check be withdrawn. Carried.

7. Motion: That the following resolution be included in the constitution:

That the office hitherto known as Central Check be abolished and two offices be substituted, such offices to be called Central Equipment check and Central Receipts check; each officer to be individually responsible to the treasurer of the Students' Union.

The duties of Central Equipment Check shall be:

1. To be personally responsible for all Students' Union

GOLF TOURNAMENT FOR STUDENTS

Following last year's successful Varsity golf tournament, it was decided to hold another one this year. It is expected that this tournament will be even more successful than the one held last year as a great deal of interest has been aroused among the fair sex. If their golfing ability is like their enthusiasm it should be good.

A committee composed of Mark McClung, Don McKenzie, and Bob Proctor was appointed to make arrangements for the tournament.

Entries close Thursday. Play will commence this week—and continue next week.

A CHALLENGE

We, the Waifs, unable to play for the Varsity by reason of press of scholastic demands, or faculty restrictions, hereby challenge the Varsity team to play one game of Canadian rugby, on Saturday, October 15, for the campus championship.

THE WAIFS.

equipment. This includes an accurate account of all stock, allotment of new equipment purchased and the charging of individuals who fail to return equipment.

2. To return to the University in sufficient time to be responsible for the rugby equipment during the pre-season training of the team.

That the expenses of the Central Equipment Check for board and room for the week of pre-season training be paid by the rugby club.

That the Central Equipment Check be given an honorarium of sixty dollars (\$60).

The duties of Central Receipts Check shall be:

1. To check the gate receipts of all activities under the Students' Union.

That the Central Receipts Check be given an honorarium of thirty dollars (\$30). Carried.

8. Report by A. Wilson on activities of committee appointed to interview candidates eligible for the position of Gateway editor.

Motion: That Marg Moore be appointed editor of the Gateway for year 1932-33. Carried.

9. Nominations for members of Committee on Student Affairs: A. McLean, H. Arnold, W. Watts, F. Fisher.

Motion: That nominations cease. Carried.

Vote: A. McLean, W. Watts, F. Fisher elected to Committee on Student Affairs.

10. Motion: That H. Arnold be appointed to act on the committee dealing with revision of the constitution and that the executive committee have full powers on same. Carried.

11. Motion: That the voluntary Athletic Ticket be retained. Carried.

12. Motion: That R. Adshead be granted Power of Attorney for the Students' Council during the summer vacation. Carried.

13. Motion: That the Executive Committee deal with the suggested Questionnaire. Carried.

14. Motion: That J. Woznow be appointed Central Equipment Check for year 1932-33. Carried.

15. Motion: That the application for permission to publish a blotter be dealt with by the Executive Committee. Carried.

(d) Adjournment: Motion: That the meeting adjourn. Carried.

ARTHUR WILSON, President.

SEVERAL CHANGES MADE IN FACULTY

Dr. Aamodt Succeeds Dr. Newton In Department of Field Crops

Several interesting changes have been made in the lecturing staff for the coming academic year. The following have been announced by the President, Dr. R. C. Wallace:

John Watt MacGregor, B.A., M.D. (Alberta), will lecture in pathology, and assistant pathologist in the provincial laboratory, to take the place of the late Dr. H. M. Vango.

David R. Climenko, B.S. (Dartmouth), M.D., Ch.D. (Edinburgh), has been appointed assist professor of physiology and pharmacology in place of Dr. Samuel Gelfin.

Einar Jensen, Ph.D. (Harvard), will take the place of W. B. Harvey as lecturer in political economy and agricultural economics.

Dr. O. S. Aamodt, professor in the Department of Field Crops, has been appointed head of the department in succession to Dr. Robert Newton.

Mrs. N. W. Haynes has been placed in charge of the work in drama under the Carnegie Corporation grant for extension work in the arts.

Dr. R. K. Gordon, Dr. E. Sonet and Dr. C. A. Robb have returned to University after a year's study abroad.

During the coming academic session there will be absent on sabbatical leave: Dr. J. D. Newton, who will do soil investigation work at Rothamsted Station in England; Dr. F. Owen, who is going to Germany on philological and archaeological work; and Miss Jessie Montgomery, who intends to study extension library work in England.

INDIANS DEFEAT ESKS FOR SECOND VICTORY

(Continued from Page Five)

being inches outside. Smith just missed a drop kick which might have spelled victory for the northerners.

The game provided plenty of thrills for the spectators. Sparkling play by both teams kept the fans in their seats until the final whistle blew. The Esk backfield functioned smoothly, with the kicking of Smith and the ball handling of Eric Dolighan being outstanding. The line held tight, and the ends played well at all times.

The Calgary team were a well-balanced outfit, with McKenzie and Wares doing good work in the backfield, while Holmes' line-plunging was a consistent ground gainer.

The lineups:

Calgary—Lewis, snap; Thompson, Ellis, insides; Christie, Holmes, middles; Friend, Olson, ends; Hicks, Gittus, McKenzie, Wares, halves; M. McConnell, quarter. Subs—Hall, Graves, Imrie, Whittaker, Sutherland, Lacey, Stewart, J. McConnell, McDonald.

Edmonton—Ritchie, snap; Cotton, Ferguson, insides; Drayton, McKuever, middles; B. Williamson, Petersen, ends; Smith, McLennan, Horne, Mathieson, halves; Duggan, quarter. Subs—Tonsi, E. Dolighan, C. Dolighan, Jones, T. Williamson, Moir, Harcourt, Mountfield, Jowett, Dickson.

Esk's average kick, 40 yards.

Calgary average kick, 33 yards.

No. 1st downs—Eskimos 6, Calgary 11.

VARSIY STUDIO RESUMES SERVICE

Studio Unique in Canadian Universities—Spotlight Photo Presents Novel Effect

When you are in the Department of Extension, take a look at some of the last year's photos of University students. There's artistic workmanship there that will surprise you when you come to consider that this studio does no outside work except in connection with the U. of A. This service to the students was started in 1926 at the request of the student body, and has proven itself so convenient and the work so persistently high that it has been continued for the last six years. The studio is on the second floor of the building, and that is where you will go, if you are wise, when you get your picture taken for the Year Book. The U. of A. is the only Canadian university with its own studio. It is entirely

TENATIVE PROGRAM FOR ANNUAL FIELD DAY

OCTOBER 8, 1932

MEN'S EVENTS

9:00—One mile.
9:15—Shot.
9:30—100 yards.
9:45—Pole vault.
10:00—Hammer.
10:15—880 yards.
10:30—Discus.
10:45—High jump.
11:00—220 hurdles.
11:30—Three mile.
1:45—Broad jump.
2:00—220 yards.
2:15—Javelin.
2:30—Relay.
3:00—Rugby game.
Intermission—440 yards.

WOMEN'S EVENTS

50 yards.
Baseball throw.
High jump.
100 yards.
Javelin.
Relay.
Broad jump.
Discus.
220 yards.

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf. And watched, with expression pained. The milkman's stunts, and they both said at once, "Our relations are getting strained." —Queen's.

BOXING AND WRESTLING CLUB

A meeting of the Boxing and Wrestling Club will be held in Room 139 Arts at 4:30 o'clock, Friday, Oct. 12th.

optional that you choose this studio instead of one of the overtown photographers, but the workmanship is every bit as good, and it is much more convenient to run over between lectures and get a short time exposure than to go overtown Saturday afternoon and have to line up for your turn.

Mrs. Rowland is the professional photographer in charge of this department. All the retouching, printing and colouring is done on this floor.

Photos may be taken more cheaply this year, and if you desire, may be enlarged to 10" by 20", or reduced to fit an issue of postage stamps.

If you, gentle reader, are a girl, you will want a spotlight picture taken. Mr. Brown will focus the spotlight on the back of your head and Mrs. Rowland squeezes the bulb. The result of this, it seems, is to make the hair appear with a soft, golden light that is highly enchanting. Then if you get the colour artist to tint on a schoolgirl complexion, you will surprise yourself with how sweet and charming you do look after all.

SWIMMERS, NOTICE!

Arrangements are now under way to secure the pool for several nights a week and a competent instructor.

All those interested in swimming kindly watch the notice boards for further developments.

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MARITIME TAILOR, Style Reporter

Here are a few of the new outstanding models that await you this season. These new ideas are a combination of style with a graceful freedom unusual in clothing comfort. They are good to look at and are real outstanding values.

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WOULD-BE WANDERERS

By T. C.

The desire to travel has always exerted a dominating influence over the minds of men. It is, therefore, not strange that two University students last spring, having given up hope of other methods, decided to endeavour to broaden their minds by travel. Having secured work selling (three guesses) Bibles, they hitched their wagon to a star and set about forming plans for an enjoyable and lucrative summer. They believed that the people would welcome them with open arms, and that the gods would smile on their efforts.

Not for them the fleet motor car, the silent passenger train, or the popping motorcycle, for they were used to the humble things in life. They sought the security and questionable comfort of the modest box-

car, proving that, after all, no man ever succeeded who didn't start from the bottom.

And so one night at twelve o'clock, dressed in the most ragged and torn clothes they could gather, either from friends or local second-hand stores, and fortified against hunger with a loaf of bread and two cans of bully beef, they set their compasses and started for Calder, the haunt of the hobo.

Soon the train came roaring through and, commending their souls to God, they boarded her. But, alas! for our young Columbuses, it was the wrong train, heading for Calgary instead of Halifax. Nevertheless, it was glorious to feel the wind whistling about their ears and the cinders falling in their eyes. Hope, as it has a habit of doing, sprang eternal, they would catch another and better freight in Calgary.

And so it came to pass that they reached that Alberta metropolis, and all the next day lay in waiting in the bushes that skirted the track, like hunters at a watering hole. At night a train came through. They seized it and climbed on top. This time their hearts beat for joy, for they were heading east to adventure and wealth.

The next morning, in order to escape the cops, they got off at a junction point, and while walking through town failed to notice an automobile that was stealthily sneaking up on them, until too late. They were pounced upon by the "bulls," and dragged into the car and conveyed, not to the mayor's office, but to the jail.

The torment that wracked those two young hearts as they languished in captivity like doves in a cage is indescribable. There was much weeping and gnashing of teeth but justice prevailed and they received the option of a jail term or a fine. Not knowing how to break rocks they paid the fine and were dismissed after a severe chastisement by the judge.

But now the wanderlust had fled from their souls for fate had dealt them too smashing a blow and their spirits were broken.

Making use of their Varsity education they borrowed money and started for home prevailing on their student friends along the way for food and moral support.

And so ends the story of these two would-be human benefactors. The souls that shall be condemned through lack of scriptural assistance that could have been received through the Bible shall undoubtedly be numerous but the law must some day pay for misdirecting the plans of such young philanthropists.

RESERVATION NAMES

Little Black Bears, Star Blankets, Running Crow, What magic in these names! Again I see the warriors go. Filling, in painted lines of feathered men

Down to the riverside. Again I see the grey bluffs fringed Mile after mile with tents of storied hide.

Again— But square one storey house, a barn, Fences, a well, and dusty fields; The plough has conquered all. The red man takes

Only such living as farm labor yields. Dead is the past—the uncured plain The clamour of the fight, the chase— Only the scattered monuments of names remain

Telling the stolid duration of a race. —O. R. W.

Unconscious (showing his picture): "Did you ever see anything like it before?" Henri: "Yes, I visited the zoo once."

"Jones is boasting about his family tree." "But does it amount to anything?" "Oh, yes. It's all right as trees go. I believe it's shady."

WEAK MOMENTS

Some time in the not far distant past it might have happened that some of you came out of a darkened theatre, your heart a-thrill with a strange happiness, and your eyes slumberous with dreams. You had just witnessed the unreeling of a photoplay that depicted the headlong career of a young man who, with torrential force, swept all obstacles from his path without changing stride, until he reached the goal of his ambitions. No emergency found him unprepared. Set-backs only steeled his determination to succeed. Last scene of all discovers him clasping a daughter of wealth to his chest, while a background of cars, beautiful buildings, and a grand estate seem to make obeisance to his success in life.

According to our modern standards the hero has fulfilled his destiny. He has wealth and power.

You, too, have somehow caught the implication; and as you walk along your jaw sets and a fierce light comes in your eyes.

"I, too, will go out and conquer," you say.

And the future beckons with outstretched arms, and you rejoice in the hidden springs of character bursting up in you.

What determination, what patience, what foresight, along with what other great qualities you will henceforth display! And life is sweet, and not a vicious gamble, after all.

Or, it may be that under the soaring ceiling of a church, in the soft glow of evening lights which fail to dispel the gloom of the tall windows, inspiration lays its hand upon you. The atmosphere of the great building has put you in a receptive mood. Your emotions have been played on delicately by the man at the pulpit. The earnest prayer, the deep tones of the organ, the awesome crash of voices raised in praise, and the wistful plea of a sweet-voiced soloist are the instruments by which he has

brought about your condition.

But not until the minister begins to speak do you feel the true ferment of the mind, the uneasy stirrings of the conscience. As his lips pour forth a sermon that grips you to the soul, you sit in a trance, and your eyes shine with a look they have not known since childhood. And trust is there for all to see; trust in the scheme of the universe. And by the light of his fierce gestures, rapt expression, and burning words you travel again the paths you trod in childhood; when only the righteous received reward, and problems of right and wrong were as simple as a child's prayer. And your faith in the ultimate goodness of things is restored. And you make a resolve which you hope will not share the fate of previous resolves.

The streaming light of the church door gradually falls behind as you stride along through the darkness, while your heart trips to the frail music in your mind.

You have reformed. How completely time alone will tell.

Then, you may belong to that admirable type, the nonchalant; a fortress that must be worn down by siege, being impervious to sudden attack. But even you must have had your moments of weakness; of reform. If you have not, then the whole economy of nature is wrong and ought to be changed. The moon should be removed from the heavens; and girls should lose their loveliness. No more should a fragile creature with lovely, pensive face, a fragrant presence in the moonlight, have power to create tumult in the breast of a strong man, and cause him to find sweet humility in the contemplation of his own unworthiness. No more should he be struck by the revelation that he possesses unsuspected depths of character which are his to develop.

—YEVRAH.

AT THE THEATRE

By J.

It has struck me on more than one occasion that the screen is exerting a remarkable influence on the living theatre. "Grand Hotel" is a case in point. Here is a production employing a new stage technique, namely, that of many, short, quickly-changing scenes, accomplished by the ingenious use of a revolving multiple stage. As a legitimate experiment it could not fail to be interesting (indeed the box office shows that it was the most popular play in New York season 1930-31), but transfer red to a medium where swift movement and constantly changing locale are the rule rather than the exception, it becomes a difficult task to sustain the interest. I think a large measure of the success of the motion picture version of "Grand Hotel" is due to the expert direction of Dr. Edmund Goulding, coupled with the assistance of a very able cameraman. Some of the shots were marvellous in their effectiveness.

As far as the acting goes, I think Wallace Beery and Joan Crawford were the most steadily consistent. Lionel Barrymore, in the role of Kringlein, the wretched factory-clerk seeking to taste of life to the full before death claims him, made the strongest bid for the spotlight. However, in my opinion, his very vehemence and enthusiasm destroyed his spontaneity, and left an impression of heavy over-acting. Garbo herself has had many stronger opportunities than that of the dancer whose popularity is waning. However, this woman's strange, exotic personality fascinates and intrigues at any time. The other member of the Barrymore family, Brother John, was shaded by his more energetic relation, but nevertheless Baron von Gaigen was a very appealing rogue.

I am reminded of some rather interesting facts which F. J. Smith gives in Liberty. "The most romantic juvenile in pictures, John Barrymore, is 50; the greatest adventurer, Douglas Fairbanks, is 49; and the steady box office attraction, Marie Dressler, is 63." I mustn't forget to mention Lewis Stone in the role of Dr. Ottersschlag. Whatever he plays, however small the part may be, he never fails to be noticeable.

"Grand Hotel, where people come and go and nothing ever happens"—that is life, and so on it goes.

WOMEN'S CEREMONY VERY IMPRESSIVE

Beauty and High Idealism Characterizes the Wauneta Initiation

Very impressive and very beautiful was the ceremony enacted Tuesday evening to welcome the new girls into the tribe Wauneta. At half past seven more than a hundred freshettes gathered in the lower Wauneta room, and were conducted by "old-girls" to the upper gym. Slowly and silently the procession moved in single file across the campus through the warm darkness of the early October night. Glowing from the four corners of the gymnasium was the red light of the camp-fires and beyond them the tepees of the Great Chief, the sophomores, the juniors and the seniors.

Upon entering the door, the crunching of dry autumn leaves, mingled with the soft strains of a march played by Miss Vera Pike, greeted one's ears. The girls were led to the camp of the Great Chief, there Miss Beth Carscallen, president of Waunetas welcomed them into the tribe, hoping that they would find fellowship there and be examples of the happy, healthful, womanhood for which it stood.

Then the girls were led to the camp of the Sophomores where Miss

S.C.M. CONFERENCE, 1932

One hundred and fifty students representing Universities from British Columbia to the Maritimes, met for the annual conference of the Student Christian Movement at the Elgin House on the Muskoka Lakes, during the third week in September.

Through opportunities provided by study groups, open forums, addresses and worship services, meaning was given to the familiar but timely petition, "Thy Kingdom Come." The character of the conference was determined early in the week by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, eminent writer who described in striking language the need for clarity—not only of mind—but of purpose and action. In speaking of the social ills of the present day, in the moral as well as the economic field, Dr. Niebuhr said: "We are of the unhappy generation which has the knowledge and foresight to conceive, but which lacks the strength to bring forth."

Of the other leaders who contributed to the program and shared informally in the conference life, one thinks especially of Dr. T. Z. Koo, of China, former vice-president of the World Students Christian Federation; of Dr. Gregory Vlastos of Constantinople, now of the Department of Philosophy Queen's University.

It was inevitable that the apathetic attitude maintained by many students, toward political issues was shattered by the series of discussions on national and international problems. The educational program of the League for Social Reconstruction was given some study, and suggested as one practical way in which students might prepare themselves for their work as members of this social order. The task of the Student Movement in the larger sphere was brought vividly before the conference by the two Canadian representatives, to the World's Student Christian Federation meeting, held in Holland this summer, Mr. Martyn Estall of McGill, who has been studying this past year in Berlin, Germany, and Miss Marjorie Beer of Toronto University.

Seeing the National Movement in this wider perspective gave added significance to the findings of the general committee, which met for three days preceding the conference, and to which Mr. Stanley Rands, president of the local unit for this year, was the Alberta delegate.

Ruth Sheldon, presented each one with the crossed feathers symbol of the happy-hearted.

At the camp of the Juniors Miss Kay Swallow gave to each a little bundle of faggots, which represented chore.

Miss Jean Shurer, in the Senior camp wrapped an Indian blanket about each girl and reminded them that the Seniors stood for comradeship and the ever open hand.

After this the girls laid their faggots upon the camp-fire of the Great Chief as symbol of their willingness to become real members of the tribe and abide by its rules.

The Wauneta song and the motto were repeated by the girls, and refreshments and dancing concluded an evening that will live long in the memories of the freshettes.

BAN THREATENED ON DANCES FOR STUDENTS

(McGill Daily)

Clinton, N.C. (IP)—The 225 students of Presbyterian College here, who left the campus in June rejoicing in the decision of the board of trustees of the institution lifting the ban on dancing on the campus, are eagerly awaiting the board's reaction to the recommendation of the Presbyterian synod of South Carolina that the restriction be again placed on the students.

IS LIFE JUST A DREAM?

The question has often been asked, Is life all a dream? Shall we one day wake up into a world of reality and find that we have been dreaming and that what seems to us so real is after all a mere mental show?

The Hindus believe this. They believe that life is a dream, and that our dreams are also dreams. When we die we wake up and find that we have been dreaming in both states.

Plato also held some such view. He drew the analogy of men chained in a dark cave with their faces fixed in one direction. Above their heads were real beings walking; who threw their shadows on that side of the cave which its inhabitants faced. Perceiving only these shadows, they mistook them for realities, and thought that these were real human beings.

The average common-sense man, upon hearing such a view for the first time, would probably say, "Oh, well, I can pinch myself; thus I can show that I am really here! It hurts." But if you do pinch yourself and if it does hurt, how are you to know that this sensation is not also a dream? This being the case, if we press the situation far enough, the question soon arises: May not life itself be just a dream?

You will remember in "Alice in Wonderland," Alice encountered Tweedledee and Tweedledum in the forest; together they saw the red king asleep there.

Tweedledee said: "What do you suppose he is dreaming about?" "Why," replied Tweedledee, "he is dreaming about you, of course."

Alice said: "How do you know that?"

Tweedledum replied: "Well, you are here; that shows you are being dreamed about. You are just a thing in his dream. If he stopped dreaming about you, you would go out, just like a candle flame!"

All Alice could reply was, "I know they're just talking nonsense."

So to the practical man the idea that life is all a dream is just as much nonsense; but he would find as great a difficulty in disproving it as Alice did, because every test that he

might apply to show that life was a reality could also be applied to show that the dreamer really existed while he was dreaming!

Perhaps the idea that life is only a dream will be loudly denounced by the Freshies, who may truthfully say (even though they may be still dreaming) that they had ample evidence in the form of calcimine, tanglefoot and dye to show that existence for them last Friday night was not altogether a dream. But may not the Freshman perhaps as truthfully say, "Well, if it was only a dream, then it was a painfully real one, and I'm very glad it didn't actually happen to me!"

THE FARMER

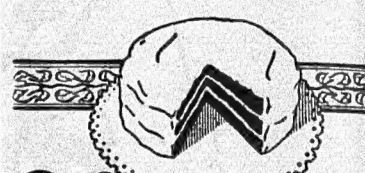
(From The Chatelaine)

Here is my temple
Reared by my toiling hands—
Home of the living God
Out in forsaken lands.

Here rings my chant of praise
Greeting the rising sun;
This hears the evening prayer
When work is done.

And of the temple
This he took—
God is there always,
Where sod is broken.

—O. R. W.



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TRAVELLING IN EUROPE

By Ralph E. Zuar

If you have ever travelled in Europe you will understand the advice I am ready to give to those that have not: never to touch a railway-guide. I did try a German "Kursbuch". I carefully read the directions for use, several pages—and yet I failed miserably. Whenever I thought I had the right column it suddenly stopped, or an arrow pointed into another column containing stations I did not know. Or there were irritating little signs, a knife and fork, or a telephone receiver, or what not. After three days of intensive search I found out that the train for Italy left at 8:30—not from the "Kursbuch", to be sure—but from the hotel clock. Three precious days wasted—I shall never touch a "Kursbuch" again.

I was at the station at 8 a.m. sharp. Luggage and all. I obtained my ticket at a wee little window behind which mysterious shadows moved and had their being. Then I went to the platform enclosure. Many people stood in line waiting to be let in. When it was my turn to pass through the opening I had all my hands full. I had to put down the things to get at my ticket. I always keep tickets in the lower right waistcoat pocket. It isn't there. May be in the left. No. I hunt through a number of other pockets. Nothing. The people behind me are becoming impatient. Visibly and audibly. A stern official armed with a formidable looking pair of pincers reminiscent of the dental torture chamber stands relentless. He advises me to quit fumbling and to step out of line. I do so, resentfully. I finally realize that I have to buy a second ticket. I shall certainly find the first one when I am on the train. Precious time has been lost. Another line of travellers has formed in front of that wee little window. At last, however, I get through the enclosure. There is a train on the point of pulling out. With a big shout of despair I run after it, in spite of some red-capped officials who try to intercede. Somehow I have

been able to hold everything with my left hand. Then I reach out for the railing of the last rear platform of the last carriage. With courage and determination I swing myself on disregarding the steps leading up. But what do I care! I am on. My new trousers are woefully torn; parcels have opened and strewn their contents on the platform and on the rails. My umbrella and stick are both broke. My overcoat hangs down upon the greasy rails and swiftly becomes useless. No matter! I am on my train. With a few groans I assemble my bruised limbs and make an attempt to shift myself into a more dignified position.

Suddenly I notice that the train is losing speed. Then, it stops. Finally it returns to the station. Unfriendly officials receive me and guide me to an office where I am asked to explain my conduct. I am informed that this train was only shunting and that the right train was due to leave at 8:30 p.m. Whereupon I am allowed to pay twenty marks which, with the torn clothes, the bruises, the swollen knees, the lost parcels and the humiliation only aggravate the feeling of sincere and utter wrath.

I was on the right train at 8:30 p.m. together with Harry, who, too, was in quest of Italian beauty. I slept wonderfully well. In the morning the sun shone on our breakfast table in one of those delightful continental dining cars while a rapidly changing scenery sped by. In commemoration of yesterday's events and in consideration of our Italian visit with its prospects of art and southern clime we had ordered a few bottles of Italian wine, Asti Spumante. Some excellent French cognacs assisted in creating that wonderful exhilarating European feeling of song and mirth. I began to sing that sweet Italian song "Santa Lucia", and sang it well. Someone came and said, "Would monsieur please stop singing, the fellow passengers were not delighted." Who cared! I dared that shame-faced waiter to forbid me singing when I felt like it. But then another and more forbidding and imminently official looking face said that I was absolutely not to sing.

Weeping softly I crept back to my compartment.

In dismay I wrapped a blanket round my outraged feelings and huddled myself into a corner by the window. Very gradually and to the rhythmic beat of the wheels my self-esteem returned and again that indomitable "joie de vivre" took possession of me. Italy! Italy! Land of my dreams! Soon I shall see you in all your glory. Your eternally blue sky will smile upon the wanderer from overseas, upon the ardent enthusiast of your works of art. Soon I shall listen to the liquid sounds of the most beautiful of European tongues, shall hear the language of Dante and Petrarch, shall be under the invisible sway of Roma Eterna.

And then I had a vision. In my dreams I passed by deep blue waters and along dark green meadows. Marble temples half hidden behind laurel groves and surrounded by orange trees gave an impression of Eleusian fields. There were beautiful ladies almost like angels gracefully reposing on mossy canopies. Their jet black eyes seemed ready to bewitch the northern wanderers. I revelled in blue and moonlit nights when in a decorated boat I softly glided in and out among swift gondolas listening to the undulating whispers of mandolins and the chirping of sing-song guitars. And again,

FRESHETTES INITIATION IN TORONTO

By Dorothy Brown

This is not a comparison. Nor is it a criticism. Nor does it in any way, manner or means suggest, imply, infer, involve or insinuate a comparison or a criticism. Well, that seems to be that. Some people are interested in knowing what the other half of the world is doing. For them I would like to describe one of the features of residence life at the University of Toronto which does not exist here. It is a means of orienting Freshettes to their new environment and of tiding them over that appalling week-end when they "don't know a soul" as well as helping them through the intricacies of registration. It is known as House Party. Last year all girls coming to University College for the first time were invited to spend the week-end in Whitney Hall, the new residence for women students. An invitation was also extended to all senior women of U. C. to join the party in Whitney Hall as guests and sponsors of the Freshettes. Each senior was allotted two girls and instructed to "look after them." Strangers in Toronto need to be "looked after"—the possible mistakes are legion.

On our arrival at the Hall on Friday afternoon we were each given a program of the events scheduled for the week-end. I remember that it included a musical in the "Women's Union" and a tea at which we were introduced to many of the professors and where we introduced ourselves to some of the more promising Freshmen. It was a skilfully arranged program which left us time to write letters and shop but no leisure to curl up in a corner and be homesick. Besides we were all excited about registration. Some of the Freshettes (called Freshies in Toronto) spent hours in an agony of indecision as to the relative advantages of Meds and Law but they eventually entered the pass course. The seniors patiently explained those portions of the calendar which they understood themselves and trotted us around from one prof. to another while we filled out little cards for each course. It is quite simple if you know how.

Initiation was very mild: it consisted of wearing red and white berets and opening doors for upper classwomen but the latter can hardly be called initiation for such little offices of respect are expected all year. However, on the whole, the seniors are very good to newcomers and while keeping the Freshies in their places, smooth away their difficulties and make the introduction to university a pleasure.

I lay on a bed of Indian silk, the framework of which consisted of the most precious stones, of emeralds and amethysts, of topaz and rubies, garnets and pearls. Lofty palm trees stood around. And I looked out upon wide fields of beautiful flowers, blue and red and gold. And a wondrous music sounded like unto the music of the spheres. At first I could not see where this music proceeded from, but after a while I saw. From little white clouds, a train of the most beautiful women descended, preceded by two angels dressed in the purest white. These two, however, bore a long parchment roll in their hands from which they sang. And gradually as the procession drew nearer I was able to distinguish the words. It was a fine, grand and pure Italian which unfortunately I did not understand, only the sounds tingled in my ears: "Si prega di non sputare nella carrozza!" So the angels and all the women and the children who accompanied the procession sang. I could not resist. Overcome by the beauty of these heavenly words of the symphony of vowel sounds, I, too, sang. How marvellous. How softly the mellow vowels blended into the consonants! How the consonants almost melted away into nothingness. I was sure of the divine significance underlying these golden words. "Si prega di non sputare nella carrozza!" Would I had learned Italian! My rapture would have been perfect. Surely these words conveyed thoughts and ideas of eternal value. I could do naught but sing and listen and listen and sing. On and on the music of these voices went chanting in chorus: "Si prega di non sputare nella carrozza!" . . . Then someone roughly shook me by the shoulders. And in as straight an Americanese as you could find, it broke into my dreams: "Oh yeah, What the heck d'you think you are doing, huh! Snap out of it and talk sense, old horse!" Evidently Harry had come back from the dining car. Gone were the Eleusian fields and the ladies and angels. Gone were the sweet voices. Yes, only the parchment remained, though it had shrunk in size. And oh wonder! On a little enamel plate there now was the trans-

"Si prega di non sputare nella carrozza!"—"Il est defendue de cracher dans la voiture!"—Man bittet nicht in den Wagen zu spucken!" In Italian, French and German the request was expressed not to spit into the carriage.

I was wide awake now. What a dream! What an awakening! What disillusionment!

I shall never drink so much Asti Spumante again.

And those wily and oily French cognacs were not necessary either.

Not really.

Don't you think so

University of Missouri.—Rules set forth by the dean of women governing the conduct of co-eds: 1. Girls are not permitted to talk more than three minutes to young men on the streets, in stores, or in eating places. 2. No girl is allowed to go to the telegraph, to any doctor or dentist's office, or upstairs in any office building without a college chaperone. 3. If a girl wishes to take a taxi she must have permission from the dean of women. 4. No girl is permitted to take a bath before six o'clock in the morning.—Queen's Journal.

ROYAL MATERIAL MONUMENTS

By J. B.

Signs and Omens

The season of bared trees and shingled Freshman is once more upon us, foreshadowing yet another era of varied activities upon the Campus. By no means of small moment among these activities is the production of the University literary organ, The Gateway. The Gateway is well named on more than one account. Through it pours items of topical news which might otherwise be known only to a few; announcement of future events which are thus assured universal notice if not always of attention, and, of surpassing interest, features which bespeak not alone the immediate interest of the writer in his or her own subject but also literary bearings among the students.

Fostering the Literary Germ

In a great many cases the literary aspirations of the University contributors begin and end with the desire to burst into Gateway print. This puts a rosy complexion on the face of life for the editorial staff and is satisfactory to those same contributors; likewise reading food is supplied for the minds of the paper's public. However, there is another aspect of this Gateway writing business which I beg to suggest is worthy of authoritative consideration. Surely this business might be regarded almost as a vocational training. Whether or no one of the fundamental purposes of the very existence of a University newspaper is to supply, not only the moral impetus, but more tangible assistance to the really literary minded members of the student body, I know not. That it unconsciously serves as a means to this end is more than half obvious. The Gateway would be creating a wonderful precedent among its contemporaries were it, even in part, to offer itself as an open and avowed training ground for those contributors who are happily gifted with a characteristic literary flair; who really desire to hop off into the fair fields of remunerative authorship.

The Short Short and Co.

It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Benarr MacFadden that he has left his business of propounding beauty culture and offering reams of quack medical advice long enough to offer really potential encouragement to embry writers. Likewise it redounds greatly to the credit of the Edmonton Little Theatre that it has offered really potential encouragement to embry playwrights. Similarly the offer of \$25.00 for the best short story by a university student in an early issue of the Capital Magazine served a most commendable purpose although it is open to doubt whether, in all good faith, the offer was intended in its inception to serve that purpose alone.

S. O. S.

The realm of fiction still offers great opportunities to writers new

and old. Its aspect alters continuously with the trend of the times. Brevity, force and true color are the essential features of the major percentage of modern stories. The art of a Harrison Ainsworth, who bolstered a five-minute tale into a three volume novel or of a Walter Scott who contrived to extend the description of a man's eyes over three closely printed pages is at a discount. Unfortunately also, the King's good English is often sacrificed in the apparent course of obtaining sensationalism and red-blooded action. Such a deplorable state of affairs demands immediate rectifying. A destructive parasite is eating the very heart and stomach out of modern literature leaving a mere skeleton so that years hence no literary memory of our age will survive.

Imperturbable Fact

Thus it becomes incumbent upon us to endeavor to keep the flag of good literature flying. Thus can The Gateway serve two excellent purposes by encouraging the contribution of well-written short stories. Technical articles can never suffer the distress or disgrace of fiction because they cannot alter with changing times beyond certain very definite limits. Science is always sedate. And the limited interest in technicalities renders its degeneration, were it to occur, less dangerous.

For Consideration

Tentatively, then, and with all due humility and deference, I suggest that certain space in certain numbers of The Gateway be set aside for the best short story submitted within a period before the publication of the set numbers. The competitive element would enhance the whole object and judges should not be hard to procure in such an institution as a university. It would be necessary to offer some tangible reward for the best effort either in coin or kind but the expense would not be great as only a very limited number of stories could be published in a year. And the game would be well worth the candle for the candle represents the literary light of our present age which is in such imminent danger of being snuffed out eternally.

A Lighter Topic

Having in mind the appearance in print of "Swami Mar-Veill" and the featuring over the air of "Koram, Crystal Gazer" my good friend Sultan Harem Sheikh recently wrote asking me whether I could find an outlet for the demonstration of his marvellous prophetic powers. The Sultan does not gaze as he finds it hard on the eyes. Nor does he study the stars ever since a meteorite upset his calculations by causing him to predict a slump in the hog market when in reality hogs rose in value by half a cent. Among the astounding revelations forthcoming from good old

Harem Sheikh may be listed the following:

1. Betting on horses which come in behind the fourth in a race is never profitable.
2. The weather will change within a month.
3. There is every reason to expect snow this winter.
4. Prosperity is just around the corner.
5. Two heads are better than one when matching an acquaintance for drinks.

The following replies to correspondents are published by courtesy of the editor of The Gateway:

- J. K.—I think so.
K. J.—I don't think so.
M. L.—They will certainly hang you.
L. M.—You have a long journey before you if you go to Australia.
F. O.—Even your best friend won't tell you.
O. F.—Do as you please. I don't give a darn.

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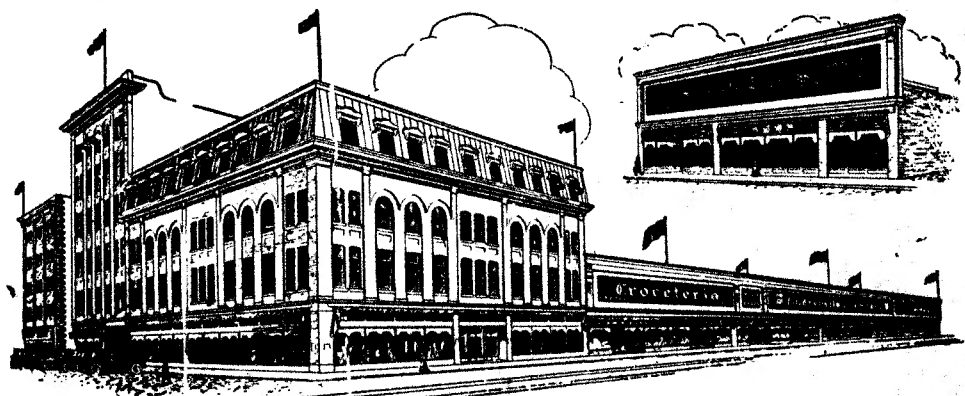
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THE FIVE-DAY WEEK

Believing that the five-day week is just as important an innovation in college life as it is in industry, the Red and Black, undergraduate newspaper at the University of Georgia, has started agitation editorially to keep Saturdays free from classes at the University.

"We admit," the Red and Black says, "that there are certain visible advantages to be gained in going to classes six days a week . . . more work can be accomplished for one thing. But we question whether the quality of work is as high as that done during a five-day week. Most experts agree that it is not. Henry Ford has experimented with shorter hours and fewer work days. His tests show that the average man does a higher quality of work laboring over a short period than he does over a long one. His tests are not too irrelevant to be applied to the University of Georgia."

The newspaper further admits that various other difficulties would arise, especially that of completing the week's class schedule. It suggests, therefore, that students attend classes in certain subjects each day until that course has been completed, and then take up work in other courses, studying in that every day until it is completed.—University of Georgia.

Ashamed

She (to bridge expert): "Now, if you were in the same circumstances, how would you have played that hand?"

He (icily): "Under an assumed name."—Queen's Journal.

The traffic officer had raised his hand and the lady motorist stopped with a jerk. Said the officer, as he drew out his little book: "As soon as I saw you come around the bend I said to myself, Forty-five at least."

"Officer," remonstrated the lady indignantly, "you are very much mistaken. It's this hat that makes me look so old."—The Gateway.

Chaplain: Why are you locked up in the brig again?

Sailor: Because of my belief, sir.

Chaplain: Nonsense! They don't look up men in the navy because of their belief.

Sailor: Oh, yes, they do, sir. I believed the marine sergeant wasn't looking and tried to bring a half pint aboard.—McGill Daily.

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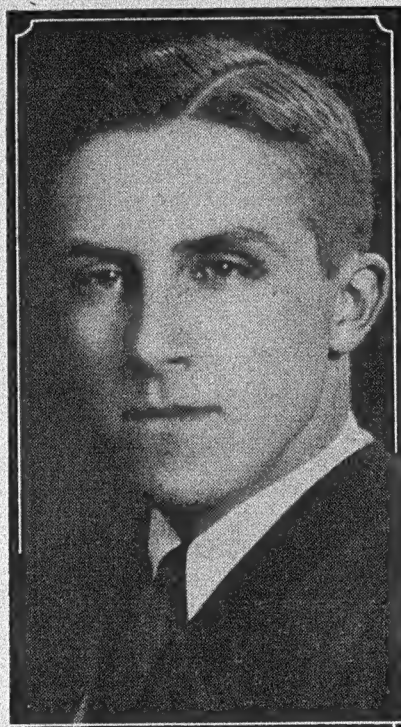
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1931 EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



NOEL ILES

The punster of fame, who successfully brought The Gateway through the first half of last year.

A SUMMER SUNSET

By Francis Mariotte

The western horizon was all aglow with the sunset of a summer's day in July. The shades of pink, yellow, red and old rose blended in a perfect unison of heavenly harmony. The reflection upon the calm, cool lake below made a complete picture, a gate to the Great Beyond. Every moment the colors were changing; now they were subdued, the sky was taking a varied hue. A streak of fiery red—a pause, and then the sun disappeared beyond the western horizon. The clouds quickly began to overshadow the remaining light. Fantastic figures were silhouetted against the sky. While looking at this masterpiece one felt that the only true purpose in life was to live—really live for "the God of things as they are." Another glimpse at the lake—a glimpse at the sky, and the sunset was completely obscured, yet a light shone across the lake—the moon had risen in the eastern sky.

BUS AT LAST



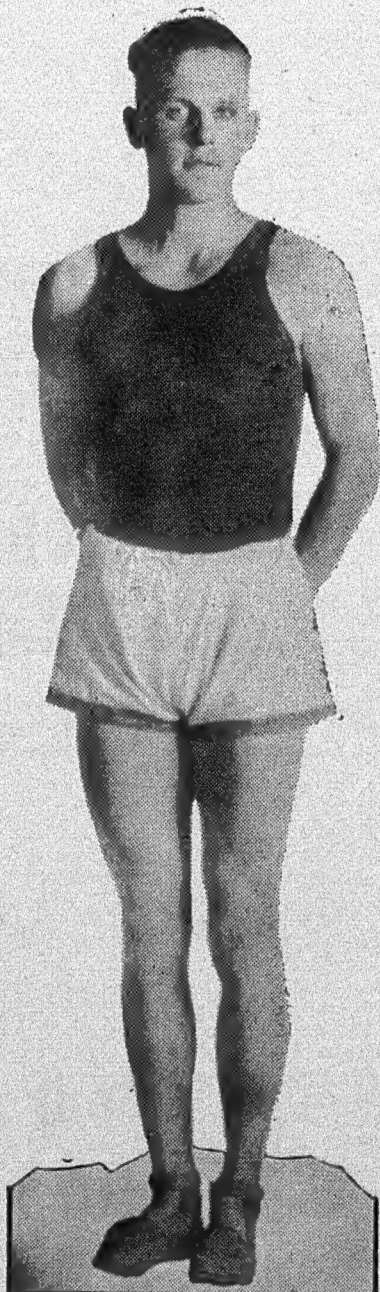
HIS LAST "BUGGY"-RIDE.

This is the new bus (all but the tail-light), and The Gateway wants to show its appreciation by having a special cut made for this week's issue.

Guest: "Look here, your advertisement stated that this room had a heavenly view."

Manager: "That's right—there's the skylight."—Queen's Journal.

HE'S "AGIN" US NOW



FRANK RICHARDS

Who was intercollegiate individual champ in track and field and an outstanding performer on the 1931 junior rugby team. He will wear the spangles of the Kinsmen outfit on the Thanksgiving Day game at the Grid.

THE FLIT GUN

(Quick Henry, the Flit)

By L.L.A.

Another term, with all its attendant joys and sorrows, is already well under way. Many of the old familiar faces are missing, but a fair crop of the hardy old perennials is with us again. What will this year bring? Only time will tell. We shall miss Aeropercimeter and The Professor and Percival Hodnut and A.M.C., and many others, although rumour has it that some of their work will appear in later issues despite their personal absence. Ah, well, "sic transit . . ."

On Saturday, October 1st, the governmental ban on "riding the rods" by transients came into effect. While it is as yet too early to make any pronouncements as to the final effects of this order, there are several points which arise out of it upon which comment can and should be made.

It is our opinion, based upon present circumstances, and upon such newspaper reports as have already appeared concerning the ban, that it is at the same time a futile and a dangerous action. It is futile in so far as it will probably in the end do little to alter the movement of so-called transients throughout the country. One or two policemen will be powerless to stop more than one or two members of a band of fifty or sixty who are attempting to board a train; their presence is more likely to lead to trouble and unpleasantness than to any other conclusion. This aspect of the case is, as nearly as such a thing can possibly be, positively ludicrous.

The other aspects of the case are, however, much more serious, since it is our opinion that in some respects they create a menace to the public at large. This ban is likely to create deep-seated and unnecessary bitterness between the vast army of transients and the police forces of the country at a time when such bitterness should be as strictly as possible avoided. Further, the simple fact that they have been able to move about the country may have in the past had a considerable effect in keeping the men's minds off their troubles; having nothing else to do they have at least been able to see the country. Now they will have nothing to do but sit around and brood. Troubles between transients and train-crews are likely to follow as a result of the ban and operation of trains will be greatly inconveni-

enced, if not endangered. Most serious of all, however, is the pronouncement made by one of the transients that having been denied railway transportation, they will quite naturally take to the roads, placing barricades across them if motorists do not seem disposed to stop of their own volition. Under such circumstances we hesitate to think of the conditions surrounding motor travel along the main routes in the course of the coming winter.

Already the first effects of the edict are making themselves felt. Men have been deserting the harvest fields with a considerable amount of the work as yet to be done, and are congregating as unemployed in the cities, having gone there in order to get to town before free travel ceased.

What were the reasons for the enforcement of the ban? The Lord and R. B. Bennett alone know. Speculation is rife concerning the exact reasons, but in the absence of any definite word from the government it must remain speculation. It certainly cannot have been framed to benefit the railways, since the transients, even if denied free transport, have no money to pay their fares. Some claim it was passed at this time in the year to catch the greatest number of unemployed in Western Canada and force this part of the country to support them in the coming winter. But just what are the exact reasons no one seems to know. Perhaps there are no reasons. In any case, the sooner something is done to at least partially remove the restrictions to transient travel the better it will be for all concerned.

The Gateway librarian has just suggested to us that one good feature of the proposed governmental ban on free travel by the unemployed will be a vast decrease in unemployment due to the fact that a large army will have to be recruited to put the ban into effect.

"Grand Hotel" is showing at the Capitol Theatre for the last times today, and regular prices of admission are being charged. If such is the case, we can recommend that any who have not already seen this picture should take this opportunity of doing so. Portraying the happenings of twenty-four hours in a great hotel, the picture affords an interesting study which, as always seems to be the case with strikingly original productions, has called forth a host of imitations, mostly distinctly inferior. In spite of the fact that the picture has received considerable adverse criticism on several counts, we believe we can safely recommend it, not as a cheering picture (for it is a relatively cheerless production), but as an interesting forerunner of a type of picture which has become extremely popular (with producers at least)

in the course of the past year or so. We might add, however, that we most emphatically do not consider that "Grand Hotel," nor for that matter any other picture we have seen in the past few years, justifies any increase in prices of admission.

This Week's True Story:

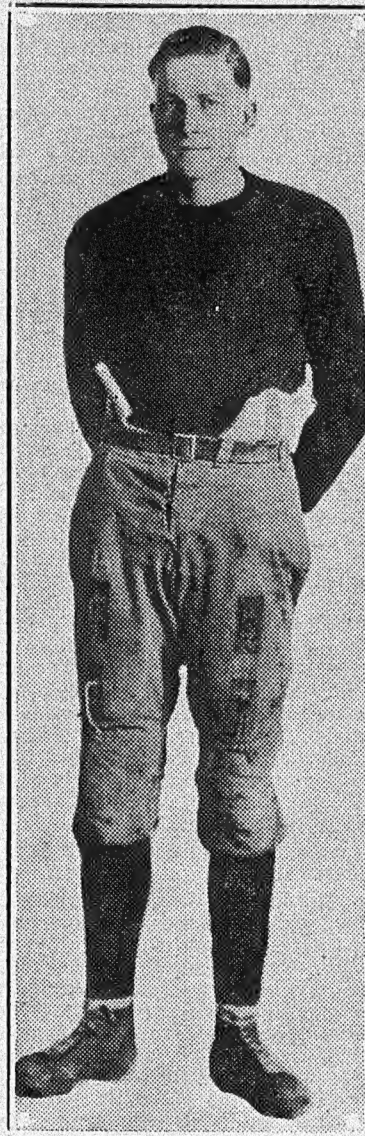
Theo Cairns (entering office of Professor Warren, who is deeply occupied in a book): "My name's Cairns, sir."

Prof. Warren (without looking up): "Well, what's your excuse?"

(P.S.—Persons desiring further information should apply to Bert Cairns, c/o Northwestern Utilities, Edmonton.)

Weather forecast (made in The Gateway office at 9:30 this morning): Unsettled and very cold.

NEW CAPTAIN



HERMAN HAYES

Who quartered Wally Sterling's intercollegiate champions in '28, and who was elected captain of this year's team on Thursday evening.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL . . .

Come, weary one of the Highway,
When Life throws dust in your eyes,
Blinding and smothering the Fire-light
That flickering in you lies.
Follow the beckoning byways,
Tree-loved, mossy and cool,
Where the soothing air is dreaming
o'er
A glimmering water pool.
Oh, tread the trail where the foot-hills look
And languidly long for the skies,
Reflecting the light of a Countenance,
Deep in their blue-green eyes;
Or, wander away where the mountains hide
Their hoary heads in the blue,
And shroud their shoulders in cloud mists,
And silently pray for you.
You watch and worship the sunset,
Your altar tapers are trees
And the distant chanting of voices
The quivering evening breeze.
But you must return to the Highway,
Will life throw dust in your eyes?
Ah, yes! But your step will be lighter,
Your weariness wing to the skies,
The flame of your soul will burn higher
And wrapt in its radiant glow,—
You will journey along,
In your heart is a song,—
Is it God within you? Who knows?
—P. N.

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